

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

Designed to improve the Farmer, the Planter, and the Gardener.

AGRICULTURE IS THE MOST HEALTHFUL, THE MOST USEFUL, AND THE MOST NOBLE EMPLOYMENT OF MAN.—WASHINGTON.

CONDUCTING EDITOR,
ORANGE JUDD, A. M.

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For Prospectus, Terms, &c.,

SEE LAST PAGE.

EVERY one writing to the Editor or Publishers of this journal will please read "Special Notices," on last page.

ALL letters relating to Editorial matters should be addressed to Mr. ORANGE JUDD, (the Conducting Editor).

Letters inclosing subscriptions and on other business should be directed to ALLEN & CO., Publishers, and also those referring to both departments. Editorial and business matters, if in the same letter, should be on separate sheets.

SUGAR BEET AND MANGEL WURZEL.

We do not know why it is, but the cultivation of these valuable and highly productive roots has not spread any thing like so rapidly in the United States as in Europe. For stock feeding in the latter country, Sugar Beet holds the first rank ; and in February, March, April, and May, this and Mangel Wurzel are the chief dependence for fattening animals and milk cows.

It does not require so deep nor so rich a soil to raise the beet and wurzel as carrots and parsnips ; for with the exception of the Belgian variety of carrot, they grow much more out of the ground, and draw more of their nourishment from the atmosphere ; they can also be grown in stiffer soils, which in some sections of our country is an important consideration. They are not subject to the fly like the ruta baga and the turnip, nor to the rot like the potato ; hence they are a much more reliable crop. We have cultivated them with great success for the past twenty years, and have never known them attacked by insects or vermin of any kind ; in fact, we consider them among the most certain of all our root crops.

The Sugar Beet is much sweeter and more nutritious than the Mangel Wurzel, and its fattening properties are quite superior ; but it is not so hardy, nor is it so great a yielder ; nevertheless, we much prefer its cultivation, and would always plant twice as much of the former as the latter. There is no root equal to the Sugar Beet for milk cows in winter. Fed liberally of this and good hay, they will give almost as much milk in winter as in summer ; and the butter is about as yellow and rich as when feeding on the best of grass, which is more than we can say of carrots, parsnips, or indeed any other root, with the exception perhaps of the small, sweet parsnip, which is nothing like so great a yielder as the Sugar Beet. With

these preliminary observations, we will now proceed to the particulars of the cultivation of the Beet, which is the same as that for the Wurzel.

Latitude of Cultivation.—They may be grown from the Equator as far up as the 45th degree of North latitude, but from 39° to 44° is their best range in America. Farther north than this the beet does not ripen well, and to the south it is subject to be injured by the blister-fly and grasshopper ; the summers also are too long and hot for it as a winter crop, and corn and potatoes answer a better purpose ; still, if planted as early as garden vegetables in the southern latitudes, it may be brought forward for green food for the stock, about the time that grass gets parched up and fails, and thus answer a very good purpose. We think beets might succeed well among corn, planted sufficiently wide apart to admit a row of roots in the center. In this case, the corn would protect the beets from the too scorching rays of the sun at the south, and we should think add to their juiciness and sweetness by the shade of the stalks.

Soil.—The best soil for the production of the beet, is a deep, light, and moderately rich loam, resting on a clay subsoil ; yet, as it has the power of drawing much of the food necessary to its growth from the atmosphere, by means of its large leaves, it will do very well in thin sands, a leachy gravel, or hard clay ; a good manuring, however, on such soils would be essential as a preparation for the crop, and frequent stirring of the earth during its growth. A very rich soil, such as the deep alluvials of our river bottoms, is not a proper one for beets, inasmuch as the roots grow too large and rank in it, and are consequently coarser and less nutritious, and do not abound with as much saccharine matter, as is found in those growing on poorer soils.

Manures.—When manuring is necessary, the best fertilizer that can be applied to this crop is rotted dung, though in a stiff clay or moist land, long (unfermented) dung is perhaps to be preferred, as it warms and lightens up the land. If these are not to be had, use a compost of muck and lime, or 200 to 500 lbs. of guano per acre, or 300 to 600 lbs. of superphosphate, or 13 to 20 bushels of bone dust ; or, what would be better, compost these in requisite quantities with the dung or muck, spread broadcast on the land, and then plow in.

Preparation.—Plow deep, and roll and harrow the land fine, and throw it up into beds

about one rod wide ; and if the subsoil be at all tenacious, have the furrows between the beds well hoed out, so as to drain off all falling water.

Kind of Beet.—The white Silesian is the best variety which we have cultivated, it being the sweetest and finest-grained of all others, and to these good qualities, it joins that of producing an equally large crop.

Kind of Wurzel.—The long red is the greatest yielder, hardest, and best adapted to rich heavy soils. The long yellow is the best for light soils.

Preparation of Seed.—It is essentially necessary that the seed be soaked *at least three days* previous to planting, and if it be a whole week, it is no matter. This should be done in soft tepid water ; and just before planting, roll the seed in ashes or plaster of Paris, so as to prevent their sticking together, and facilitate the sowing. The beet seed has a thick, hard pericarp or shell, and till this softens and breaks, it is impossible for it to vegetate ; and unless one can be sure of wet weather immediately after sowing, it will frequently not come up at all, or be so long about it, as to be the means of losing half the crop.

Planting.—The beet may be sown broadcast like the turnip, but as weeds are likely to spring up in most soils and prevent its growth, and the labor of exterminating them is much greater in this way, it is preferable to sow in drills. For this purpose the drill-barrow may be used the same as in planting the ruta baga ; but beet seed is more difficult to deliver evenly through a small aperture than turnip, and we would not therefore depend upon the drill, except in a well pulverized, friable soil. For sowing in a heavy, tenacious soil, take a piece of joist four inches square, or a round stick of the same diameter, half or just as long as the land to be sown is wide, fill this with iron or wooden teeth in wedge-shape, as far apart as you wish to have the rows, put a pair of fills to this, and hitch on a stout man or steady horse, and passing once or twice over the land, it drills it from one to two inches deep. Then follow immediately with the seed, dropping it by hand, or from a long-necked bottle, or tin cup with a hole in the bottom, and a handle attached to it, shaking the cup or bottle as you walk along, and following sharp with the eye to see that the seeds are evenly dropped. Faithful children of ten years old, can do this with more ease and facility than grown persons. As fast as dropped, cover with the hoe—in heavy soils

about half to three-fourths of an inch deep; in sand or light gravel, twice this depth.

The rows may be from two to three feet apart for a field crop—three feet is the best. This distance enables one to use the cultivator for weeding, without danger of cutting or covering the plants by the dirt being thrown up as it passes through the rows. The product is not quite so great per acre from wide rows, but land being cheap and labor dear in America, we must study to facilitate manual operations, at the same time that we have some calculation to a good yield. Four pounds of seed per acre is generally considered enough, but it is better to have a dozen extra plants to thin out, than to be obliged to transplant one. Those transplanted do not thrive half as well as those that remain where they vegetate; besides, the labor of so doing is more expensive than extra seed and time of thinning. We therefore mean in sowing to have a good seed dropped as near as every two or three inches in the drills.

After Culture.—As soon as the weeds begin to appear, run the horse-hoe or cultivator between the rows, and follow with the hand-hoe. It is very essential that the ground be kept clear of weeds, especially for the first two months, and three hoeings with the use of the cultivator are generally sufficient for the season. As the plants attain a height of about three inches, they should be thinned to a distance of about four inches, leaving the strongest and healthiest; then during the season as they grow, gradually thin out the remainder, leaving the roots in the rows at least nine or ten inches apart. If left too thick, they shade and choke each other in growth, and the product is not so great as when well thinned. These thinnings are valuable to feed to stock during the summer, and are frequently considered equal to half the expense of the cultivation of the whole crop.

Harvesting.—When the leaves begin to decay and turn yellow, is the best time to gather the beets, for if left longer than this in the ground, the roots grow hard and strong, and do not yield so great a per cent of saccharine matter. This of course will take place earlier or later in different climates, and is undoubtedly as good a rule as can be given, it being adopted after a strict chemical analysis of the beet in its various stages of growth. If the soil be light, as the roots generally grow so much out of the ground, they can be pulled up by taking hold of the tops with the hand—but if more tenacious, the dung-fork is the best instrument that we know of for digging them. Let part of the hands be at this operation, and the other part follow with large knives or bill-hooks; taking up the root with one hand, top off the leaves with the other, and toss the roots into small heaps to dry through the day, and if left out over night and there be danger of frost, let them be lightly covered over with leaves or straw; a hard frost injures the roots, and makes them more liable to decay. They may then be taken to a well-ventilated cellar, or be pitted in heaps of 100 to 200 bushels. The beet is rather

apt to heat and commence sprouting if thrown into large heaps, or packed away in the cellar. If put in the latter place, any other roots except the turnip may be placed at the bottom, and the beets on top, and if in pits the same roots or straw in the center. All the beets then have a good ventilation, and an opportunity of throwing off the impure air; and to facilitate this, after covering the heaps with dirt, holes should be made every few feet on the top of them, and wisps of straw be placed in such holes. In this way we have experienced no loss or deterioration in the value of the root, but have preserved them till May, as fresh, sound, and sweet, as when first taken from the ground the preceding fall. In a climate as far as 39 degrees north, they might be preserved all winter in tolerable tight sheds and barns.

Feeding.—Throw them on to the ground or floor, and take a hay-knife or spade, and a man will slice up a bushel a minute sufficiently fine to prevent cattle choking on them; or they may be cut very rapidly in a root-cutter. The best way to cook them for stock is by steaming; but they can not be kept so over two days in warm weather, and a week in cold, without undergoing a fermentation, and losing the saccharine matter so grateful to the taste and so essential to nutriment. Either raw or cooked, stock frequently prefer them to meal or corn. Raw, we think them as nutritious as any root whatever, and as far as our experience extends, three bushels of beets with neat stock, is equal to one of Indian meal. Hogs demand less bulk to fill themselves than cattle, and perhaps their value to them would not be in as great a proportion. All kinds of stock are fond of them, but care must be used in feeding (the same as with other roots) to pregnant animals a month or two before the time of parturition. Poultry are very fond of the sugar beet, especially geese, ducks, and turkeys.

Product.—Four hundred bushels is a fair yield in field culture, but six or eight hundred per acre is about as common. We have grown at the rate of 1,300 bushels to the acre on a hard clay soil, and our average field product is usually 600 bushels. We have heard of 3,000 bushels being produced to the acre on rich loams. The roots will frequently weigh from 17 to 20 pounds each, and 10 pounds is not unfrequent; now admitting this last weight to each root, and that seven rows stood in the width of a rod, which would make them about two feet apart in the rows, and allow 60 pounds to the bushel, we should have the enormous product of 3,080 bushels to the acre; but roots so large are coarse, stringy, and not unfrequently hollow, and have much less saccharine matter in proportion to their bulk, than smaller ones. Those of about 5 pounds weight are far superior; and these standing one foot apart in rows, and the rows about three feet apart, will give the large yield of 1,100 bushels per acre, which is quite as great a product as it is desirable to strive for, and upon the whole, perhaps the most profitable.

Raising the Seed.—There is as much in choosing proper roots for this purpose, as in selecting animals to breed from, and the same general rule holds good in both cases—a medium size and fine true form. Roots weighing four to six pounds, and of four to six inches in diameter at the top, and nine to thirteen inches long, and smoothly and evenly tapering to a point, without straggling branches, and of a creamy white color and smooth grain, are the most desirable. “Like produces like,” and with such selections followed up, the crop will soon run evenly of the same shape and size as the roots from which was grown the seed. Plant out the seed-roots about the first of May, three feet apart; and as the stalks grow, set small stakes round them in a circle, and tie a cord from stake to stake for their support. When the seed shells easily, (which, if planted in May, will be in September,) is the proper time to gather it. It ought to be spread out a few days on the floor of some high, dry room, or on boards in the sun till well dried; it may then be packed away in boxes or barrels, or be put up in bags. We have generally found this essential to a proper preservation of all seeds. If not well dried before packing, they are apt to heat and mold, and lose their germinating powers. Two or three dozen roots will grow seed enough for acres, and at one-tenth the cost usually asked for it at the seed-stores. When grown at home, one knows what he gets, and as it comes to him abundantly and cheap, he can, without grudging, give to his neighbors, and thereby greatly promote the cultivation of this most valuable of roots.

DURHAM CATTLE VS. ALL OTHER KINDS.

We commend the following letter to the perusal of all who are seeking improvement in cattle breeding. We do not think Mr. Creasor speaks as highly of the Devons, however, as they deserve. On the light soils of our country they are greatly to be preferred to the Short Horns. We believe the day is rapidly approaching when Short Horns and Devons pure, and their crosses on the native stock, will alone be of any consideration in our country. They are the two best breeds for general purposes unquestionably, and they are destined to become more and more popular and generally sought after from year to year. The coarse Short Horns Mr. C. speaks of, are the common grades of Yorkshire. They have little *true* Short Horn blood in them; they are mainly the coarse, unimproved, original stock of that country.

To the Editor of the *Mark-Lane Express*:

The Short Horn or Durham cattle are not only spreading over every county in England, but Ireland; and the Long Horns will soon become extinct both in England and Ireland. There are many first-rate Durhams to be found in Scotland, and many fine Short Horns have crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and will soon spread all over the globe. They are a large size at early maturity. In England, the cows and heifers are worth more than any other kind for the milkman in the metropolis and other great towns. It is rare that you see a Hereford, Devon, or Long

Horned cow among the milkmen in London. The best Durham oxen have thick, wide, fat backs, with a handsome frame, and plenty of lean flesh, with heavy thighs, and generally, when made fat, weigh all the weights they are laid at; they are longer than the generality of Herefords and Devons, and a great many Short Horns are as large and as heavy at three years old as the Devons and Herefords are at four. They carry plenty of tallow according to age, and the best of them have a fine silky grain, with marbled flesh. I find no beast come to the scale better, with the exception of the thickest, lean-fleshed, short-legged, polled Scots; and I have purchased many half-breeds between the best polled Scots and the Durhams fed in Scotland; these half-bred bullocks weigh exceedingly well according to size—no beast better. The Herefords have beautiful, fine-grained, marbled flesh; but many of them are light in their thighs and lean flesh, and deceive the butchers in weight, especially when they are patchy with pommels of fat flesh without, and but little tallow within. I consider the Durham cattle, take them all in all, are the best breed for the farmer or breeder for profit; and Sir Charles Knightley's Durham oxen, when cut up, are as good flesh as the best Herefords, and are worth as much per pound. When I speak of Durhams, I do not mean coarse Short Horns.

WILLIAM CREASOR, Butcher.
Newport Market, March 27th, 1855.

For the American Agriculturist
WATERLOO CORRESPONDENCE.
RENOVATING OLD SOIL, ETC.

You very properly demur to a very slashing agricultural criticism in the New-York Tribune, on the "old daisy fields of Connecticut"; it would have been better had the writer given the *modus operandi* by which said starved fields "could be made to produce wheat with more profit than usually arises upon the arable products of the west," so that "every dollar thus expended would pay back fifty per cent per annum"! But the mistake of the Tribune is in the profit, not in the feasibility of renovating an exhausted soil. I have seen land in New England brought up from a barren sand, so thoroughly exhausted of the mineral constituents of plants, that even the daisy refused to take root in the desert waste. Leached ashes and stable manure composted with swamp muck gave a crop of millet and clover, which was plowed in when ripe as a more thorough amendment. Winter rye for early spring soiling; and millet and clover, Indian corn, &c., succeeded; all were manured by the droppings of milk cows, which were fed in stalls, and bedded on dry peat or swamp muck. But if there is no "fifty per cent" profit in this farming, there is some intellectual comfort in seeing the desert blossom; and the present incumbent can now keep forty milk cows and pay rent for a farm, on which, before, no organic life could be sustained. I am inclined to believe that it is much easier to keep up a calcareous soil, like ours in western New-York, to a state of ordinary fertility, than the granitic formations of New-England, perhaps for the reason that lime plants, the best of all amendments when plowed in as a fertilizer, will not perfect themselves on the granitic soils when they are even partially exhausted by cropping.

In his late pamphlet on the relations of

chemistry to agriculture, Liebig tells us, that his experimental field of ten acres was so thoroughly sterile that its "vegetable yield would not feed one sheep," and that to bring that little farm into full productiveness, cost him, with his experiments, in four years, \$3,200 more than the sale price of the products grown on it." But as farmers do less by proxy than a chemist, have a better physical training, and more habitual economy in the details of farm labor, they can, if properly instructed, do more with much less expense. Liebig had also ulterior views to subserve in multiplied experiments by no means connected with the necessary amendment of the soil. It is at least evident that the great chemist of Giessen must have had his head a little turned by what he took to be the result of his mineral applications to the soil, when he says, "The effect of individual substances could be clearly traced and was manifested in many cases in a truly wonderful manner. A deficiency or excess of phosphate of lime, of alkalies for root crops, of alkaline earths for clover, of alkali silicates for the cereals, was plainly revealed in the growth of these plants. The trial plots appear like the *writing on the leaves of a book*; their significance was evidence even to the uninitiated."—p. 33. But as these mineral substances were never trusted alone, but always accompanied by stable dung or other organic refuse, how could he refer the above results solely to his *cherished minerals*.

I have no doubt but that to thoroughly exhausted soil, such mineral manure as it contained in leached wood ashes is the most economical, if not the most indispensable, as a nucleus for the soils renovation; but so far as my small experiments extend, give me vegetable refuse or stable dung in preference to concentrated manures, either organic or inorganic, particularly for heavy tenacious soils; because in the process of decomposition a fine mechanical action is kept up in the soil, and the crop is fed as it needs it, with both ammonia and carbonic acid. I take it that no mineral application nor the salts of ammonia alone, could, in three applications in three years, turn a stiff, drab clay into a fine permeable earth of the color and appearance of black virgin mold, capable of retaining all the necessary moisture for growing crops in the most trying drought. Fall plowing or trenching in such manure in a tenacious soil, is an almost indispensable condition to the results, and without the aid of the frosts of winter, it would take six years, instead of three, to produce the same amelioration of the soils, color and texture. The draining of a stiff soil is always a preliminary necessity to its amendment; it should never be treated with sand, unless it is accompanied with carbonaceous matter or refuse, as the affinity between clay and sand is so great that the product is too compact; but if sand is united with coarse vegetable materials, the affinity is broken and the amelioration perfect, until the soil becomes abused by long-continued cropping, without any return of enlivening manures.

N'IMPORTE.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SUGAR CANE.

The annexed letter from Rev. Mr. Wilder, a missionary of the American Board in South Africa, says one of the editors of the Journal of Commerce, will be interesting to agriculturists, as bringing to their knowledge a substitute for the sugar cane, which is represented to be capable of culture wherever Indian corn will grow. Whether it will be found more economical to cultivate this plant at the North, than to purchase sugar grown in Louisiana and Brazil, is yet to be ascertained. The general name of the new plant is *Imfe*, of which there are several varieties. Mr. Wilder has sent us three of them, as will be seen by his letter. The seed is small, about the size of broom-corn seed, which it resembles. Indeed the plant itself, from the description given of it by our correspondent, must belong to the Indian corn family. Every farmer knows that the stalk of our common Indian corn contains much saccharine matter, and it has sometimes been expressed, and reduced to molasses by boiling. We shall give the *Imfe* a fair trial, so far as culture is concerned, and will report the result to our readers in due time.

UMTWALUME, Natal, South Africa, Jan. 6, 1855.

I herewith send you a few seeds of a plant indigenous to this country, for the manufacture of which into sugar a patent has recently been obtained in England by a gentleman from this colony. Those interested in the patent have no doubt of its entire success, and that it will bring streams of gold into their pockets.

The plant is called *Imfe* (vowels as in French) by the Kafirs, but they distinguish some two dozen varieties by specific names. I send you *three* varieties, with names on each paper, viz: *Ufatana*, *Umofwini*, *Ihlosa*. While growing it resembles *Broom corn*, and produces its seed after the same manner. The natives of Natal plant it with Indian corn, and cultivate it in the same manner, and it comes to perfection in about the same time, say from 3 to 4½ months. They cultivate it wholly for its saccharine juice, of which, under but slight pressure, it yields a much larger quantity than does the common sugar cane, but not of so rich a quality. I should say that the same bulk of juice contained from one-half to three-fourths as much sugar as the juice of common cane. The advantages it has over common cane, are, that it grows well wherever Indian corn does; it is raised from the seed in four months, ready to be made into sugar; it grows on high lands as well as on low, and the abundance of seed it produces, may be used for provender for horses.

I give you below the names as called by the Kafirs, of the different varieties with which I am acquainted:—*Ilitwe*—very long, 12 feet or so, one half the head hangs down. *Ilibohla*—head hangs flowing around the stem. *Unyezana*, *Ihlosa*—has two black stripes on the stem, just below the head. *Ufatana*—small erect head, an excellent kind. *Ilienga*—drooping head. *Uboleleka*—has an appearance of decay. *Usompofo*—buff-colored. *Ubchlanda*—seeds like Guinea corn of West Coast. *Ulubemba*—has two distinct heads. *Ubogana*—has down on the seed. *Utyaka*, *Imfemkulu*—tall thick stem; spreading head. *Unjimbalyapa*—very long joints. *Umhabahlale*, *Umhlagonde*—red leaves and erect head. *Inyao*—long joints, drooping head. *Ilidakandoda*—erect head, black seeds; fit for use before the seed ripens.

Amazelwako—red cane. *Umswazi, Ihlokonde, Umofwini, Umdendebula.*

I hope you will cultivate the seed I send, or give it to some agricultural friend who will, and if you think proper, notice it in the Journal of Commerce. I understand that there will be an effort made to take out a patent for its manufacture into sugar in the United States. Yours truly,

H. A. WILDER,
Missionary, A. B. C. F. M.

THE HORSE.

[Continued from page 100.]

The Trotting Hacks or Trotters [resembling the Yorkshire Roadsters] differ a good deal in their breeding, but are not as highly bred as the first two classes. Harry Hieover evidently thinks the riding a strongly pulling trotter at his fast pace presents a very vulgar and butcher-like appearance. He likes, however, fast trotters in harness in light vehicles, and considers their looks in action then not ungentlemanly.

Under all circumstances Harry Hieover unites with the French in condemning as abominable the gait of the amble or *pace* to which some of our Virginians at the present day are so partial.* He complains of the term *Cob* as a hacknied one, and it is plain from his undercurrent of opinion that he dislikes the whole class of *Cobs* as ungentlemanly brutes. *Cobs*, from the docility and quietness of their tempers and their nearness to the ground (*près de terre*) are well adapted to the service of inactive and old men—old fogies, as Young America would disrespectfully say. I remember to have seen Lord Lansdowne, among others, riding a *Cob*, taking care, however, to have the sorry figure he made redeemed, in a measure, by an attendant groom mounted on a horse of the most distinguished style.

The Rev. John M. Wilson† speaks of the Hunting Horse as the country gentleman's saddle horse, and of the Hack or Hackney as a riding or road horse of any kind. He adds—"The common saddle horse, technically a *Hackney*, may possess any character intermediate between that of a well-tempered easy-going and long-enduring Hunter, and that of the most miserable road hack. The farmer's saddle horse is, in some instances, a *Hackney*, in some a Hunter, but in the great majority, a horse of all work, adapted equally to the saddle and to draught."

I have not the English or any unmutilated edition of Youatt, but I believe he speaks of "the farmer's horse," and describes him as half *Hackney* and half *Cart Horse*. He probably refers to a horse very similar in character to the heaviest Yorkshire Roadsters or the old Road Horses mentioned by Low. Cecil and other well known English writers, I think, employ the term *Roadster* in so vague a sense as to embrace every thing of the horse kind that can go out of a walk, and is used on the road, whether in harness or under the saddle, in contradistinction to the field and the turf;‡ and Nimrod occasionally employs the word road-horse as synonymous with stage coach horse. It must be confessed that there is much confusion in hippological nomenclature, partly in consequence of the modern change and continued advance to a lighter standard of all the classes and varieties of English horses for quick movement.

Although Yorkshire is the most decided breeding county of the Race Horse in the Kingdom—the Rawcliffe Paddocks Company alone having the past season forty-three, and

Sir Tatton Sykes thirty-seven, racing foals—the Agricultural Society leave him out of view, (except as the progenitor of Hunters,) as having other patrons in abundance, and perhaps as not falling strictly within the description of a "useful" horse, and recognize but the three distinct classes of horses for service out of a walk which I have considered—Coaching or Carriage Horses, Hunters and Roadsters; but you will have perceived that one of these classes, that of Hunters, is not a breed by itself.

4. The horses for agricultural purposes, the plow or the cart, in Great Britain, are incapable of any other than a walking draft, and are divided into the three following classes :

The Suffolk Punch horses are characterized by general uniformity of color, varying, however, in shade. In England they are called "red" and "chestnut;" but we should, for the most part, designate them as of a light yellowish sorrel, with lighter manes, tails and legs. They have often a blaze in the face and some white feet, and are very plain in appearance, being pig-eyed and having heavy, coarse heads. Their strong predisposition to the numerous hereditary diseases of the hock, and indeed unsound legs and feet generally, are such insuperable objections to the Suffolks, according to the old proverb of "no foot no horse," that it would not be worth while to criticise them further, more especially as I am entirely supported in this estimate by Mr. Yager, the competent and intelligent agent whom our public spirited friend, Mr. Dulany, despatched to England to bring over horses for him. I should infer—it is impossible to know—from a comparison between the Suffolks of the present day and the descriptions of the preexisting breed, that crosses upon the original stock of that name with a view to their elongation, to give them a more adequate stride, or enlargement for additional weight in the collar, had not in the aggregate result been successful, but had caused them to lose much of their former energy and pluck. At the last Annual Country Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society the Suffolk stallions were badly beaten.

The other English race of agricultural horses, usually designated the "Cart Horse," is various in color, but more frequently black. The largest specimens are seen in the brewers' drays in London, and, as you are aware, are the heaviest horses in the world. This race was, to a certain extent, modified by crosses of native stallions upon some mares which Bakewell imported from Holland. The horses of this breed, I presume, would be dissolved by our sun in summer, and are moreover only adapted to circumstances in which no sort of activity but merely massive power is required—very smooth flat land and perfect roads and the slowest draught.

The Scotch horses, the Clydesdales, of different colors, are for us, I am satisfied, the best horses of the British Islands in the class of exclusively walking draught. It is a significant fact that the distinguished President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, Mr. Pusey, employs them, and that General de Lamoricière* states that, from experiments made in France, they dispatched their work much more quickly than either the Suffolks or the indigenous races of France. They are handsomer and more active than the Suffolks, with longer limbs and longer bodies. This conformation gives them a greater stride by which they make more rapid progress, but it may augment the expensiveness of their keep. Tradition refers the origin of this breed to an importation, by one of the Dukes of Hamilton, of Flanders stallions which were crossed

on the native mares of the county of Lanark, in the vale of the Clyde.

Though the French have occasionally imported British horses, which are larger than their own, for agricultural purposes, I found the universal opinion in France to be that they had nothing to envy the British in the way of horses for slow draught, (*gros trait*), and that they prided themselves very much on a valuable, hardy and energetic race, mostly of a gray color, properly called Percheron, from their native district Le Perche, but which our American writers have vaguely styled Norman, (as the synonyme of French, perhaps,) from the fact of having first seen them in the diligences in Normandy on the way to Paris. While many of the larger animals of this breed, which pass by insensible gradations into the Boulonnais, (the biggest and coarsest horse of France,) are used for the heaviest draught, the smaller and more agile are employed throughout the Empire in the diligences—an intermediate draught (*trait intermédiaire—trait moyen*) which does not exist either in England or in the United States—for the simultaneous transportation of passengers (with their luggage) and merchandise, at a pace between that of the English stage coach and the heavily laden wagon. To secure the requisite energy and quickness for this special and severe labor, it is necessary to employ stallions; and I do not believe that geldings—from the peculiarity of the race in losing much of their power, spirit and endurance on castration—would answer in our country except for slow work. Indeed, I never saw or heard of French gentlemen riding or driving Percherons; and I mention them only, because they may be deemed the archetypes of the French horses and are the dominant race employed in the public vehicles and in rural labor. The French prefer their horses for all private rapid uses (*chevaux de luxe*) to be of the blood of the *races distinguées*, which they are compelled to seek either across the channel or the Mediterranean.* Crosses with Percherons vulgarize for many generations the English stock for quick draught (*trait léger*, by which is meant every draught from that of the coach or carriage inclusive to that of the lightest vehicle) and for the saddle, by shortening their necks, (which is fatal to a saddle horse and to the style of a harness horse,) by enlarging their heads, clodding their shoulders, drooping their rumps, cleaving their quarters, putting hair on their legs, or otherwise marring their symmetry, beauty or activity.

*It is true that France, of necessity, imports a good many horses from Germany, not for the purpose of reproduction, however. They are not ill looking except that they frequently have the Roman nose, (*Tete busquée*), but it is said they soon sink under fatigue.

[To be continued.]

NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF THE ONION.—It is worthy of notice as an extensive article of consumption in this country. It is largely cultivated at home, and is imported, to the extent of 700 or 800 tons a year, from Spain and Portugal. But it rises in importance, when we consider that in these latter countries it forms one of the common and universal supports of life. It is interesting, therefore, to know that in addition to the peculiar flavor which first recommends it, the onion is remarkably nutritious. According to my analysis, the dried onion root contains from twenty-five to thirty per cent of gluten. It ranks, in this respect, with the nutritious pea and the *gram* of the East. It is not merely as a relish, therefore, that the wayfaring Spaniard eats his onion with his humble crust of bread, as he sits by the refreshing spring; it is because experience has long proved that, like the cheese of the English laborer, it helps to sustain his strength also,

*The best Virginia horsemen of the old school did not ride *pacers*.

†*Rural Cyclopaedia*—Edinburgh and London, 1852.

‡A "Roadster" in the northern portion of the United States is a horse used in a light pleasure vehicle.

*Rapport au conseil des Haïrs.

and adds—beyond what its bulk would suggest—to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.—*Professor Johnston's Chemistry of Common Life.*

GOLDEN-SPANGLED HAMBURGS.

I am a lover and a breeder of the Golden-Spangled Hamburgs, and have observed with some interest the various opinions that have been expressed in your pages upon this valuable class of birds. The hen-tailed cocks and the sickle-tailed have each their admirers. I can not say that I admire the square-tail, but we must have well-spangled cocks. The question is, can not we have cocks hen-feathered, with the exception of the tail? I answer, certainly. It has been my fortune to breed and to have seen many such. And these birds produce chickens infinitely superior to cock-feathered birds. I have tried both. Neither have I ever been disappointed by barrenness in any of these cocks. The thing to aim at then seems to me to be a cock well-spangled all over him, with a nice flowing tail. There is another point to which I would refer. A good deal has been said by some of your correspondents about this class of birds not being winter layers. There must be bad management somewhere when this is the case. During the whole of this winter, and previous winters, I have always had a good supply of eggs from my favorites. I will not yield even to Shanghais in this respect. My next door neighbor keeps the latter sort, and I have had to supply him with eggs constantly from my yard. Hamburg pullets hatched in March or April begin to lay in October, and continue laying until the moult season. The older birds when well kept will commence laying very soon after moulting, and continue until moulting again; and you would be surprised at the number of fine large eggs which I get, even this very severe weather. I am afraid I have trespassed to long upon your time already. I will conclude by recommending to the notice of your correspondent "T. W." a little handbook published by Orr & Co., price one shilling, "On the Cow," by the late lamented M. M. Milburn, Esq. I am, Sir, yours gratefully,

W. R. H.
Poultry Chronicle.

EXEMPLARY MOTHERS.

I beg to send a description of the most exemplary mothers I ever met with in a poultry yard. As mine consists of Spanish, I require a few hens which will incubate frequently, and remain long with their chickens. First, I tried Dorkings, but they were not to be depended on, as they sometimes continued laying till the summer. Cochins came next, but they are often clumsy in hatching, and desert their chickens too soon. My *ne plus ultra* is between Cochin and Spanish; they are ugly, excellent creatures, lay nearly as well as the Cochins during winter, sit almost as frequently, are more active, and I think more sensible, with much of the placid disposition of the Cochin, and remain double the length of time with their chickens. One of these hens hatched a brood in April, and in two months exactly began to lay, when they parted by mutual consent. Her sister reared her brood in June—eleven, from twelve eggs—remained with them precisely the same time, and seemed to leave them with regret. There was no cross peck to give notice of a dissolution of partnership, a hint which the ci-devant darlings of a Cochin hen sometimes receive to their excessive astonishment.—A. in *Poultry Chronicle.*

Take good care of the young chickens if you want to make money.

ON BEES.

The proportion of wax contained in honey or sugar being small, it will be evident that a considerable quantity of these substances is requisite to enable the bees to construct combs. In order to ascertain whether the saccharine principle was the source of wax, Huber confined three swarms in glass hives, and fed them respectively with honey, refined sugar, and dark brown sugar; the result of the experiment proved that honey produced the least wax. A pound of refined sugar produced ten drachms fifty-two grains of wax, while an equal weight of dark sugar produced twenty-two drachms, or nearly one sixth of the weight. Honey was also analyzed for the same purpose by Liebig, who found that one pound of honey yields one-twentieth of its weight of wax, and that one ounce of wax builds the number of cells required to contain one pound of honey.

From these experiments the proportion of wax can not be definitely stated, as it appears to vary according to the quality of the honey or sugar, but they are sufficient for the purpose of impressing upon my readers that a very large drain on the supplies takes place when the combs have to be formed; such a drain as in no case can be made during the early part of the season, when the collectors are few, and all the honey which is gathered for some time, is required for the sustenance of the daily augmenting brood, over which a considerable number of workers too must cluster in order to maintain a hatching temperature, and consequently can not be spared to construct comb. Bees can not exist in a hive destitute of comb, for they would be deprived of all their resources, the warehouses of the honey and pollen, and the cells for rearing the young. Hence experienced bee-keepers seldom take second swarms, and never retain a hive as a winter stock which is not well furnished with combs. I have heard of aparian novices, who, in ignorance of the habits of bees, have proposed placing a family in an empty hive early in spring, imagining they might prosper in such a situation. Little do they know the trouble and attention such an attempt would entail. I speak from experience, having once raised a houseless family (and it was a desperate case, caused by accident), in the beginning of March, to a state of great prosperity. At this season, however, my motto is, *Nil desperandum* (never despair); I would make the best of everything, with a resolution to surmount all obstacles.

The spring work of the bee-keeper is now close at hand, although while I write, a frost holds the earth in an iron grasp, more rigid than has often been experienced in England; with the uncertainty of the length of its duration, and with the difference of temperature in various counties, the aparian must rather be guided by circumstances, than regulated by time in his proceedings. As long as the frost and snow continues the hives should be left in perfect repose, protected well by outer coverings; they will consume little food; though in hives in which breeding have commenced, I fear some bees *must* die, yet to assist them by feeding, would only tend to increase the evil. I make a rule, not to interfere until I see pollen carried, and always find a few warm days the beginning of March, when this occurs. Then on a calm morning, with the thermometer at about 50° in the shade, I gently break up the hives from their adhesion to the floor-boards, and turning them up, make a thorough examination of their condition. The bees will be found very peaceable, and an idea may be formed of their numbers, by gently passing a feather through the clusters. The quantity of honey will be judged of by the weight. Young bees may also be observed.

The floor-board should be thoroughly cleaned, and rubbed with a dry cloth, as also the inner edges of the hive, where the larvae and spinnings of a small moth will generally be found located. Those hives which are low in provisions should at once be fed, giving the syrup warm, and in small quantities for a few days, and then bestowing it liberally; for as Mr. Golding judiciously observes, feeding by driblets is never to be recommended. However, I give all my hives, rich as well as poor, a taste; it stimulates the queens, and renews our friendship.

At this time, especial observation ought to be made of any peculiarity in the hive, such as—

The appearance of drones;
The condition of the queens;
And of the brood.

Such statements will be gladly received as an aid in forming a course of observation. I, for one, hope to gather useful information from the communications which will appear in the *Poultry Chronicle* during the approaching season.—A. in *Poultry Chronicle.*

FISH AS FOOD.—There is much nourishment in fish, little less than in butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its softer fiber, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, I find, in fish—in sea-fish—a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land-animals, viz., iodine—a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular diseases, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which civilized society, and the highly educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that in the majority of fish the proportion of solid matter—that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part—is little inferior to that of the several kinds of butcher's meat, game or poultry. And, if we give our attention to classes of people—classed as to quality of food they principally subsist on—we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, or more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies just alluded to.—*Dr. Davy's Angler and his Friend.*

CULTIVATION OF SHALLOTS.—The usual method of cultivating these is to plant the roots in drills, and to earth them up as the plants advance in height; but the late Mr. Knight suggested a mode of surface-planting by which he states he succeeded in growing very fine bulbs. It is thus described: He placed a rich soil beneath the bulbs, and raised the mold on each side, to support them till they became firmly rooted. This mold is then removed by the hoe, and watered from the rose of a watering-pot; and the bulbs in consequence were placed wholly out of the ground. "The growth of these plants," he added, "now so closely resembled that of the common onion as not to be readily distinguished from it till the irregularity of form resulting from the numerous germs within each bulb became conspicuous. The forms of the bulbs, however, remained permanently different from any ever seen of the same species, being much more broad and less long, and the crop was so much better in quality, as well as much more abundant, that the mode of culture adopted is confidently recommended to every cultivator.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

You must think, as well as work, to prosper.

Horticultural Department.

CULTIVATE THE SOCIETY OF BIRDS.

The song of the robin under our window, that hails the approach of the sun at earliest dawn, and watches his receding rays at faintest twilight, reminds us of a promise long since made, to speak a good word for birds. They are man's natural companions, the guardians of his fruits, the graceful denizens of his trees, the minstrel choir whose tuneful notes wake him from slumber and whose vesper songs sooth him to repose. What can be sweeter than that first trill of the red-breast at dawn? The first note is scarce audible, as if the poor bird were afraid of the lingering shadows, and were asking leave of his slumbering lord to sing. The dawn increases, and with it the boldness of his song. The sun himself at length comes forth like a bridegroom, and the robin pours forth his whole soul in tumultuous joy. We pity the poor souls that live in a wilderness of brick and mortar, and have no tree orchestra in the shadow of their dwellings on these bright May mornings.

But those who live in the country, often have no music in their souls, and have no eye to see what labor-saving machines the birds are—saying nothing of their capacities as artists. So the sportsman is suffered to prowl about the orchard and fruit-yard, and the red-breast, oriole, bluebird, sparrow and wren become food for powder. When the robin claims his tribute of currants and cherries for the insects he has devoured, he is mercilessly shot, as if he were a vagabond and a thief. Whether such a merciless, unmusical soul be "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils" or not, it is pretty certain that his trees will fall into that category, and will soon be despoiled of fruit and foliage.

A single bird's nest in your orchard is worth dollars. What a multitude of grubs and worms a single pair of robins and their young will destroy in a season! Watch their busy flight by day, and every visit to their birdlings bringing destruction to a number of grubs. It has been estimated by a cautious observer of the habits of birds, that a single pair of jays with their young will devour two hundred insects in a day. This, in a season of three months, amounts to twenty thousand. It has been estimated that a single purple martin will destroy nearly five thousand moths and butterflies in a week. The moth, that does so much mischief in our wardrobes, is a small insect that might escape the sight of most other birds. A little hive of swallows close by one's dwelling-house, would probably be an effectual exterminator of these insects, which would be seized and devoured before they entered our windows. If we take into account the innumerable caterpillars, and grubs that would spring from the eggs of all these different insects, we can but regard the martin as one of the most serviceable of all creatures. The lively twittering of these birds is one of the most agreeable accompaniments of the rural melodies of morn, and is associated with many delightful incidents in

English poetry. Whoever has visited Burlington, Vt., has noticed in their fruit gardens a long, substantial pole, mounted with a martin-box. Their labors are highly appreciated by the fruit-growers there, and their example is worthy of imitation.

It is but little trouble to any one of common ingenuity to build a few bird-houses, and put them in various parts of the premises. Small boxes may be put in the cherry trees and upon the fence near the currants and raspberries, for the wrens. They will almost certainly be occupied, and this little bird lives upon the insects that crawl upon the fences, and lurk in the bark of trees, and in the crevices of buildings. On account of its fondness for spiders the wren has in some places received the appellation of spider-bird. The immense number of insects which he removes from our gardens and dwellings ought to endear him to every cultivator, even if he had nothing else to recommend him. He is the appropriate guardian of our small fruits, and no robin or fruit-eating bird will venture near the home of this pugnacious little bird. It is amusing to see the reckless desperation with which they will pitch into a bird many times their size, driving all before them.

Cultivate, then, the society of birds. The robin needs no box, but if you let him alone he will put up his dwelling in the apple tree, or in a corner of the fence, and be much obliged to you for the privilege of killing caterpillars for you all summer long. The boy that comes nigh with gun, warn off from your premises; and if he does not heed the warning, put the law in force; and if there be no law, call in the aid of Judge Lynch. The birds must be saved if you would save your fruit. Your tenderness and care for the birds will not be without its moral impressions upon the hearts of your children. It will teach them many a humane lesson as they grow up, and save them from habits of cruelty, which often begin in destroying the eggs and young of birds. Smooth-barked trees, unscathed with the wounds of insects, and smooth-skinned fruits, will keep company with children of fair characters, unspotted with vice.

LIME FOR THE CURCULIO.

The plum trees will soon be in blossom, and this is the time to begin the work of dusting slaked lime upon the trees to save them from the attacks of the curculio and other insects. A simple dredging box, with a handle at the side for the insertion of a pole, may be easily made by a tin-worker, and the work of dredging the trees is easily accomplished. It can be done with the hand, but not so readily or so perfectly. It should be done in the morning while the dew is on, and should be followed up at intervals until the fruit is out of the way of the curculio. The lime should be applied after every rain, and, if the interval between the rains is long, oftener. We have more faith in the lime than in any other remedy, except the jarring of the trees and catching the insects on sheets. The remedy of Mr. Mathews on this subject is not yet public,

and until he speaks, it will be safe to apply lime.

MOTH AND BEETLE HUNTING.

With the first swelling of the buds upon your fruit trees, these enemies of your garden pets make their appearance, to follow up their work of destruction, until the frosts of Autumn cut off the leaves and end their labors. The practised fruit grower is already upon their track. Here among the dwarf pears you can reach them with thumb and finger, and crush a world of insect life in a single moth. There is now in the last half of April, and early May, a beetle of blackish color, with a square upon his back at the insertion of his wings, made up of four little squares, two of jet, and two of dull yellow, that calls for your attention. You will find her at the end of the blossom buds, doubtless laying her vampire brood among the young fruit. She is about five-eights of an inch long, and will fall to the ground or fly off unless you approach her cautiously. Take a turn among all your young trees every morning, and see that they are cleared of these predators. Occasionally, you will find a cluster of eggs glued to a limb that you overlooked in the fall. See that they are removed and burned. Do not think that the young dwarf pears set out last fall will take care of themselves. The moths and beetles have a lein upon them, and if you do not improve the property you invested in them, the natural proprietors will resume their inheritance, and save you the trouble. Follow up your attacks upon these insects with vigor, remembering that every moth mother slain is a colony of insects exterminated.

Soon the large tribe of the *Melolonthians* will make their appearance and they may be caught in multitudes. The May-beetles can be exterminated by shaking them from the trees they infest upon a cloth, either at evening or early in the morning, while the dew is on, when they do not fly much. Empty your cloth into the fire.

Another method of destroying these insects in the winged state is by drowning. This is best adapted to those whose habits are nocturnal. We place a half hogshead, or other large open vessel, in the fruit garden, half full of water. Place a narrow strip of board across the top, and at night put a lighted lanthorn upon it. The insects will be attracted by the light, and in attempting to alight, "blind as a beetle" they will meet a watery grave.

Another good trap for them is glass bottles partly filled with sweetened vinegar and water, and hung up in the fruit trees. Multitudes will be tempted to their final undoing by these bottled sweets. These insects are legitimate game, and fruit growers will find much more satisfaction in killing them than in shooting the birds, who are their fellow helpers in moth hunting.

To DESTROY GRASSHOPPERS.—Those who wish for a mode to prevent grasshoppers destroying the foliage of young fruit trees, vines, &c., may find an easy, safe and sure, and at the same time profitable one, by just

putting two or three old hen turkeys with their broods of young in the infested inclosure. The young turkeys are very fond of grasshoppers, and soon become dexterous in capturing them, upon which they grow and fatten rapidly. I have known an old hen with thirteen young ones, the past season, when grasshoppers were unusually numerous, that kept a five acre lot well cleared of them.—A. C. J. in *Poultry Chronicle*.

THE BLACK RASPBERRY.

I have often wondered why farmers do not cultivate a greater variety of fruits in their gardens. In addition to what is generally cultivated, I would mention the black raspberry—a small fruit, well known in most parts of the United States. It grows wild by the sides of fences, edges of forests, &c., but common as it is, and delicious as is the fruit, but few think of cultivating it. H. Perry, of Porter, has a fine lot of twenty-five or thirty bushes, which for the past three seasons have yielded a good supply for his own table, some for his friends and neighbors, and also to dry for future use, and richly paying for the little trouble they cost. He took them from the forest and other places, in the fall of the year, and planted them in his garden. This, any one will see, is attended with no expense, and very little trouble. It may be done in the spring. They may be set along the sides of fences, as this situation appears to be the most natural for them. Give the black raspberry a trial, and you will not regret it.—J. SIBLEY, Wilson, N. Y., March, 1855.—*Rural New-Yorker*.

To the above we can add that we have cultivated the wild black, or, more properly, *deep purple* raspberry, these twenty years or more. To our taste it is superior to the Antwerp, Fastolf, or any other foreign variety, being more juicy and spicy. It has the further advantage of being more hardy, it endures the drouth better, and is a more certain yielder. Added to this the size of the berry increases with cultivation. The only objection we have to it is, that it throws up more suckers than the foreign kinds; but this may be guarded against, perhaps, by planting canes with all the eyes cut off below the ground.

We have often noticed in the fields a larger kind of red raspberry—nearly as large as the Antwerp and of higher flavor. These are well worthy of being transplanted to the garden; and might, like the New-Rochelle blackberry, become highly popular. We have seen thousands of these scattered among the smaller red raspberries in our wanderings among the hilly parts of Herkimer, Otsego, and other southern counties of this State.

RESTORATION TO HEALTH OF A DECAYED HOLLY.—Some years ago a beautiful, old, spreading holly tree showed signs of decay. It grew in a cultivated field; the roots of the couch-grass, which were in the field, were collected, and instead of carting them to an out-of-the way corner, they were spread in large quantities under the holly tree; the fresh soil attached to the roots of the grass, and the decomposition of the roots themselves have greatly benefitted the holly, which is now in a healthy condition. It will thus be seen that the years of many a favorite tree may often be prolonged by very simple means.

P. M.

AN APRIL VIOLET.

Pale Flower that by this stone
Sweetenest the air alone;
While round thee falls the snow
And the rude wind doth blow;
What thought doth make thee pine?
Pale Flower, can I divine?

Say, does this trouble thee,
That all things fickle be?
The wind that buffets so
Was kind an hour ago;
The sun a cloud doth hide
Cheered thee at morning tide.

The busy pleasure bee
Sought thee for company;
The little sparrows near,
Sang thee their ballads clear;
The maples, on thy head
Their fragrant blessing shed.

Because the storm made dumb
The wild bees' booming hum;
Because for shivering
The sparrows can not sing;
Is this the reason why
Thou look'st so woefully?

To-morrow's clear eyed sun
Will cheer thee, pallid one;
To-morrow will bring back
The wild bee on his track,
Bursting thy cloister dim
With his wild roystering.

Canst thou not wait the morrow
That rids thee of thy sorrow;
Art thou too desolate
To smile at any fate?
Then there is naught for thee
But death's deliver. CLARENCE COOK.

THE BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the old world from the new, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that the waters which he called seas, might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off so as to expose this great sea-gash, which separates continents, and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand and imposing.

The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us, at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, a thousand fearful wrecks, with that dreadful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearl and inestimable stones, which, in the poets eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death. The deepest part of the Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape May and Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as telegraphic plateau. A company is now engaged in the project of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. It is proposed to carry the wire across this plateau from the eastern shores of Newfoundland to the western shores of Ireland. The great circle distance between these two shore lines is 1,600 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.—Prof. Maury.

THE VALUE OF A GARDEN.

But I hold that any farmer, who is worthy of the name, will prepare a small plot of ground for wife and daughters, and that he will, out of love to them, make it all they can wish or desire. It is these little things that make home pleasant and happy; and it has been the lack of these that has driven many a loving heart out into the world and away from a sterile, barren home. Give the wife and daughters a place to plant, tend, and rear their flowers; help them, if needs be, although it may take an hour sometimes that it is hard to spare, and you will a thousand times bless God for so ordering your mind that you did it. What husband or father, rugged though his nature may be, does not fondly linger around a home made so bright and cheerful by the fairy hands of his wife or daughters, scattering, as it were, in his way, the beauties of their little plot?

What son or brother ever forgets his home who has found his room daily perfumed with the flowers which have been raised by the hand of a fond mother or gentle loving sisters, and placed there through the promptings of their own dear affectionate heart? What daughter ever forgets the home where she has cultivated her little garden, and year after year been so happy in the blossoms which have been borne upon the plants she has watered and tended with such patient care? Parents, brothers, sisters, the dear old home, all—all come back to her, though years may have passed away, in the scent or bloom of every flower. The family is seldom unhappy, whose dwelling is surrounded with shade trees, and whose garden is gay with cultivated plants. Do not, then, I beseech you, forget the little flower garden.—Mr. Peters's Address.

WATER MELON JUICE.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer presents the following method of using water-melons:

I endeavor every year to raise a good water-melon patch. They are a healthy and delightful fruit, I think. I cultivate the icing variety; plant early in May, and again towards the close of the month, so that they may come in succession. When they commence ripening, we commence cutting, and use them freely during the hot weather. When the weather becomes cool in September, we haul a quantity of them to the house, split them open, with a spoon scrape out the pulp into a cullender, and strain the water into vessels. We boil it in an iron vessel into syrup, then put in apples or peaches, like making apple butter, and boil slowly until the fruit is well coocked, then spice to taste, and you have something most people will prefer to apple butter or any kind of preserves. Or the syrup may be boiled without fruit, down to molasses, which will be found to be as fine as the best sugar-house molasses. We have made of a fall as much as ten gallons of the apple butter, if I may so call it, and molasses, which has kept in a fine condition until May.

ORIGIN OF POTATO OATS.—We have to record the death of Mr. Daniel Jackson, of Greenhill, Arkleby, Cumberland, at the advanced age of 94. He was a considerable landed proprietor in the county, and upwards of half a century since purchased some potatoes which were supposed to have come from abroad. When they came up, among them a few heads of corn appeared, resembling the common oats, then generally grown in this county, but larger and differing in appearance from the common sorts. The seed was carefully preserved, and in a few years sufficient was produced to offer it for sale. From the circumstance of its having been found originally among these potatoes, it was called potato-oats.—*Mark-Lane Ex.*

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American Agriculturist.

New-York, Thursday, May 3.

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WHEAT CROPS, &c.

Editorial Correspondence.

LOCKPORT, Niagara Co., N. Y., May 1, 1855.

THE spring in this section, as elsewhere, has opened somewhat later than usual, but with a very good prospect, especially for wheat. We have very closely watched the fields of wheat along the route between this and Syracuse, and have also examined many fields hereabouts, and our own observations fully agree with the general report of the farmers themselves, that the present prospect of this important crop, in what is known as the "Genesee Country," has seldom, if ever, been better than now, at this season of the year. The high prices induced farmers to sow a large breadth, and the deep mantle of snow upon the ground during the entire winter, has been almost a perfect protection against "winter kill."

Snow has been called "the poor man's manure"; and whether on account of its protection, or from the ammonia it has furnished, or from both causes combined, the wheat crops of both poor and rich bear evident marks of having been greatly aided by the unusual snows of the past winter. In many instances the snow fell before the ground had frozen, and the plants appear to have grown during the entire winter season.

We have seen a few fields which were covered with water, and the ground being unfrozen, the plants have literally rotted out. This is also the case along the fences in many other fields, where the large drifts of snow accumulated. These patches are generally being plowed up for other crops, or have been sown with spring wheat. The chief apprehension of wheat-growers here is, now, from a fear of the insects, which made considerable ravages upon the last crop. Should they fortunately escape any great degree of loss from this source, they can scarcely fail to gather a yield of wheat at the incoming harvest almost unprecedented.

In this County (Niagara) the generality of farms consist of a heavy soil, lying comparatively level, and the most important object to be secured is a system of thorough drainage. Many farmers have become aware of

this, and have commenced draining on a scale as yet limited, but with the happiest results. The universal desire to maintain "respectability" by the breadth of acres owned, instead of by the profitableness of their labor, is the chief obstacle to successful farming. We hope soon to see farmers convinced of the advantages of reducing the amount of surface gone over, and increasing the product per acre by a more thorough system of cultivation. If every farmer having 100 acres of these heavy, but most valuable soils, would sell off 25 acres, and expend the entire proceeds in draining, subsoiling, deep plowing, &c., upon the remaining 75 acres, he would, in nearly every instance, find that the smaller farm, with less plowing, seed, and harvesting, and with less fencing, taxes, &c., would give a larger aggregate yield of produce. A field now held at \$50 per acre, and yielding an uncertain crop of 12 to 15 bushels of wheat, would, by an expenditure of \$20 to \$30 per acre in draining, etc., produce an almost certain crop of 25 to 35 bushels. Why not then, if necessary, dispose of one-fourth, or one-third of it, and make the necessary improvements upon the remainder?

J.

FROM VIRGINIA.—A correspondent writing to us from the Old Dominion, says: "We have an excellent show for fruit of all kinds. At present wheat is looking remarkably well—very strong, and promises a fine yield. Vegetables are still rather scarce, owing principally to the severe drouth of last summer. Potatoes are expensive—so much so that many prefer going without to buying seed to plant. It is a treat to see fresh butter in market, which, like other things commands a high price. This is chiefly owing to the scarcity of feed, in consequence of which cows are cheap; but we look for brighter prospects the ensuing year."

DOGMATICAL.

Reader, should it ever be your misfortune to come in contact with a person who is disposed to enforce his peculiar views on any and all subjects—one who esteems himself as infallible—set it down as a safe inference that he is dogmatical. To simply declare that you *are right*, when there is a possibility of your being wrong, is *prima facie* evidence that you do not know *all* the mysteries of the world; and to say that another man is wrong, merely because what he advances is contrary to your own experience or conception, is equally foolish and absurd. No two minds are exactly alike, and hence no two can interiorly (or imaginatively) view things in the same forms, positions, or colors.

Let two men pass what is termed a *vacant* lot, in a town or city. One sees nothing but vacancy; while the other, being an architect, with vivid imagination, sees a structure, beautiful in all its proportions, towering aloft; doors, windows, arches, domes—all the exterior of a splendid palace. The architect might call the attention of his companion to the fact of what he saw, and although known to be a truthful man, his protestations would be looked upon by his

companion, in this instance at least, as an evidence of insanity or mental hallucination. Nevertheless, let twelve months elapse, and then both could see what but the one could see before. One would see a combination of marble, brick, mortar, wood and glass—merely the solids or *material* substances—representing what his mind had constructed a year previous without them. The other, being a *material* man, or incapable of seeing anything except that visible to the organs of sight of any beast, could now see the house, exactly as described to him by the architect on their previous walk over the same ground.

The winds blow, and their wild music echoes through the silvan arcades; and when the storm gathers, the tall masts and the giant oaks quiver like the strings of a delicate lyre. Tax the eyes to their utmost powers; use microscopes and magnifiers, and yet you can not see them. And shall we dispute the fact of their existence because of their invisibility? The magnet attracts the steel, but it will not attract a cork. Shall the cork therefore declare disbelief in magnetism? Electricity—a subtle fluid—descends in concentrated shafts from the ethereal depths and circulates through the solid globe, causing the metallic nerves of the mountains to vibrate, the earth to quake, and cities to tumble into ruins—but shall the insulator or nonconductor set up the hypothesis that these effects are all "illusion"?

Look at the dress of the thousands who throng a city; scarcely two exactly alike—unless from necessity. Their fancies all have certain peculiarities. Their minds are still more diverse, for there is a broader, deeper, higher scope on things contemplative than material. How full of theories and speculations are the whole human race, on all questions where there is a possibility of difference! Notwithstanding an individual will give a general assent to a particular doctrine, there are many points upon which his mind is unreconciled, and unreconcilable.

As every head is as different in structure as the physiognomy of the race of man, it is little wonder that one should hold to this particular creed, and another to that. It is little wonder that one should prefer the color of blue, another green, and another red. But to say that *your* particular fancy of color, *your* peculiar party predilections or *your* especial religious tenets are alone correct and right, is essentially dogmatical. To say that one is a fool for thinking what he does—what perhaps he can not help—is dogmatical. To aver that a man is insane because he can not see as you see, and feel as you feel, is decidedly dogmatical—and before giving public utterance to that which *you* think right, rather than that *you* bring yourself into contempt as being a narrow-minded bigot, it would be well to couch your ideas in language inoffensive to those who may be privileged to differ in opinion. †.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—Inquiry is made whether any one in this vicinity bores Artesian

wells, and information respecting the cost of such wells.

SPRING WHEAT.—It is not too late still to sow spring wheat. Mr. George Sheffer, of Scottsville, in the *Rural New-Yorker*, says he has sowed as late as the 15th of May and obtained first-rate crops. Great care should be taken to cover it well. One and a half bushels of seed per acre will do for the best soil, but for any other, two bushels are requisite.

STOCK FOR SALE.—We call attention to Mr. Morris's sale of stock advertised in this number of our paper; also to his catalogue, which can be had by addressing him on the subject. This catalogue comprises 97 pages, and is beautifully got up, and illustrated with portraits of his Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Swine, together with a brief history and pedigrees of the same. It is well worthy the attention of breeders.

BOOK NOTICES.

PRACTICAL LANDSCAPE GARDENING, with reference to the improvement of Rural Residences, &c. By G. M. Kern, Cincinnati. For sale by C. M. Saxton & Co., New-York.

Here is a handsome book, beautifully printed, on good paper, containing 328 pages—illustrated with designs and engravings. Originating at Cincinnati; in the midst of a territory no where excelled east of the Rocky mountains by the grandeur and variety of its vegetation, and with an amenity of surface giving the fullest play to art and skill in adorning it with the happiest illustrations of luxuriant landscape; this work is a welcome contribution to the growing taste and study of our people in that delightful department of rural life. America has been sadly deficient in national treatises of the kind.—Downing gave us an elaborate work some years ago of much value. He was perhaps too refined and ornate for the mass of improvers, and studied chiefly the ambitious and expensive styles of decoration. Two years since, appeared a reprint of an excellent work on "Landscape Gardening," by a Scotchman, named Smith—the most direct and sensible thing of the kind we have seen—published by C. M. Saxton, of this city, with notes and additions adapting it to American use, by Lewis F. Allen; a much cheaper work than Downing's, and better calculated for the mass of men who desire to fit up their places in a not expensive yet agreeable way, than the other. This book of Mr. Kern's is the third of the kind introduced to our notice.

Mr. Kern, if not a foreigner himself, is a student of foreign authors and professors, and gives us, in his piquant quotations and allusions, parts of their principles and practice. But he has, sensibly, avoided many of their absurdities in making the "art" of landscape gardening so "artistic" as to drive the honest improver out of all heart in his comparatively humble efforts to beautify and adorn his grounds, by the intricacy and experience which *their* practice would have involved in it. With a true love to nature, and an experience in an American climate,

the suggestions which may be derived from this book, can not but be important to the mass of improvers.

Every man of elevated mind who dwells in the country, whether he be born and has spent his life there or has but newly retired into country life, wishes to beautify his residence by drawing about him the most desirable natural productions which his position, soil and climate will admit. If he possess good natural taste, the study of nature itself will suggest the main points for his procedure, in which a study of appropriate authors will greatly assist him. Without some natural taste, or, in the absence of acquired taste in the right line, he is open to the charlatanry of sundry "professors" of landscape gardening; who clean out his purse and leave but a tissue of absurdities behind them, over which he can mourn at his leisure, while those who really know better can but commiserate his folly. Hence, it is of the highest consequence that our teachers, in whatever appertains to rural embellishment, should not only be well versed in their subjects, but honest in their application.

In the brief perusal which we have been able to give of the work before us, although we see nothing strikingly *original*, good sense and truthful feeling predominates. As our author has diversified his work with landscape gardening, orchards, the cultivation of pleasure-grounds in flowers, the farm, the vegetable garden, &c., each one of his subjects is necessarily condensed into brief compass, suggestive rather than descriptive, yet sufficiently so to induce the learner into a sound direction of his most important labors.

After all, nature must be the chief author which they who aspire to the full knowledge of landscape gardening should study. The hand of the Almighty, in the various parts of our broad country, had planted its trees, spread out its plains, opened its prairies, and lighted up its waters; erected its mountains, molded its hills, and depressed its vallies, with a grace, a beauty, a grandeur, and a softness, which only to see and properly appreciate, is to admire, and to love. None but one who sees them in the spirit of their perfection can induct another into the art of applying their treasures to his own immediate use. To do this rightly is an art achieved by but few, and to every one who contributes in even the humblest way to such a result, is a benefactor. Such, beyond doubt, is the aim of Mr. Kern in the work which he has so attractively put forth, and we welcome his book in the liberal spirit that we meet those who make the beautifying of the earth, and the happiness of mankind, the object of their labors and regard.

DECIDEDLY A FACT.—One of our New-York exchanges has the following:

"It is a singular fact that it takes more time to write a letter of one page than an epistle of three or four; but it is nevertheless true. It is no paradox, but an established fact, that it is easier to write an article half a column in length, than a well digested paragraph of a dozen lines. The reason some ministers are so long-winded is because they lack concentrativeness, and are compelled

to make verbosity atone for the paucity of idea. The same rule applies to books. It is more labor to condense one book than to write a dozen. Any one disposed to doubt this may satisfy himself by a very little observation."

Correspondence of the American Agriculturist.

LETTERS FROM MR. PAGE—No. II.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April, 1855.

The Society of Believers commonly called Shakers, at Union Village, have in their estate about 3,000 acres of choice land, well calculated either for grain or stock. They are divided, for convenience, into four families. I called first upon Peter Boyd, at the Village, and with him looked over their stock. The Society last season imported five or six cows and heifers and four bulls. I was much pleased with a three-year old heifer, white, named Marchioness; and also a roan, whose name I do not remember. Two of these cows have produced calves, got in England, which are very promising. One of these—a white bull got by Capt. Balco, a son of Balco (9918)—was very even in his points generally, with an extra flank. I also saw fifteen or twenty calves of their own breeding which look well—not fat—but in first-rate growing condition. They have a good flock of coarse-wool sheep; no swine; but all the different varieties of Asiatic fowls, good specimens of their sort, all with legs long enough and big enough to support—all their weight. I never knew but one Shanghai man that took the right ground as to the merits of this breed—he brags on a cock that stands *seventeen inches* from the floor to his body.

At the north family I saw some choice specimens of what the Ohio breeders term "full bloods"; that is, thoroughbred cattle of which no record has been kept. Here I saw a very fine, large imported cow, Margaret, much too fat to breed well. She was the first breeding cow on which I ever put my hand, that had lost her ribs—they were not to be found.

So far as I could see or learn, the Society are genuine democrats; every man has his calling—every one waits on himself. They are carrying on many kinds of manufactures in addition to farming; also, raise seeds, herbs, &c. Indeed they are a world by themselves. They raise calves—eat their beef—tan their hides, and then wear out the boots made from the leather. Sheep also, on their farm, go through all the processes to which they and their produce are liable.

Somewhat particular are these folks in many things—as, for instance, they don't allow "outsiders" to come to their common table; so Mr. Corwin and the writer dined by ourselves. This is a great country for good dinners, yet it is not often that you will have better opportunities for comforting the inner man, than in the hall of the United Society of Believers.

The south family had their cow-stables burned last winter. They lost their entire herd, save the imported bull Crusader, owned in partnership with Mr. R. G. Corwin. This is a very stylish bull, white, good size, carries his head high, and is a good walker;

his get will probably make good working oxen.

By the way, I forgot to mention, in my account of Dr. Watts's stock, his roan twin oxen, five years old, thoroughbred, and good workers. The Doctor thinks them equal to any yoke in the country for work. Better cattle in points can hardly be found. The demand for breeders is so great now-a-days, that the thoroughbred bulls are too valuable to be castrated. When the time comes that we can afford to make steers of all save the very best, what cattle we shall see! for good breeding shows as strongly in oxen as in cows or bulls.

At the west family, I saw the imported bull Duke of Southwick, and a fine lot of cows, many of which show deep milking. I learned no names or particulars, as the herdsman was absent. All of their lands are in a fine state, well cultivated, good high fences, good dwelling-houses, and barns both for grain and cattle. In some rich neighborhoods in this State, stables, either for horses or cows, are not fashionable, save a kind made of heavy rails or poles, without any roof. A stranger might, perhaps, call them ten-acre fields—and nothing else.

For the American Agriculturist.

THE PRACTICAL EDUCATIONN OF BOYS.

All teachers know that boys, brought up in cities and large villages, are much more difficult to control, more artful, idle and vicious than those whose home is in the country. It has ever been admitted, that an agricultural community, *caeteris paribus*, (other things being equal,) will have a higher standard of morals than those who live in the densely populated city or in large manufacturing towns. The reason of this is obvious. Where there is a sparse population, devoted to daily toil, there is neither time nor occasion to learn or practice the ways of the world. Men seldom meet in the country, and do not, therefore, learn to ape the vices of the rich or the frauds of the unprincipled. Boys, in a city, at the age of ten years, know more of the world, more of its worst aspects, than young men in the country at their majority. The chief reason of this precocity of mischief in the spruce lads of the town is, that they have so little to do.

Labor is the ordination of heaven. Neither an idle man nor an idle boy can retain his integrity. Indolence and virtue have no affinity for each other. The superabundant energy of the city boy is expended in tricks, in fun, frolic, and play. He soon learns his trade and loves it. Books can not draw him from his games and idle amusements. The same impulses, in the farmer's boy, are directed to some useful end. His warm blood and high passions are subdued by labor. He has little time for mischief. School is to him a relief, a recreation; to the city boy it is a confinement, an irksome restraint upon his pleasures. He goes to school, because he must; he leaves it when he can. I have often known a young man, from the plow or shop, to enter an academy to fit for college; and in one year, overtake or excel the village boys who had been wasting their

time for years upon the same studies. I have often had more annoyance from a single city boy than from forty farmers' sons in the same institution. All teachers are familiar with these facts. A common school, in a large village, is usually far more difficult to be governed than schools in the rural districts with the same number of pupils. Such a state of things need not exist, if parents would find employment for their children when out of school.

In many villages, fathers, who can ill afford the expense, hire men to bring in wood, build fires, and harness a horse, while their own sons are with the crowd upon the playground, learning, besides the game, the profane and vulgar dialect of every rowdy in town. Why should not the beloved son, who is preparing for college, be required to strengthen his muscles and acquire physical strength by the use of the spade and hoe in the garden, as well as to soil and tear his clothes, and become rude and vicious in the crowd? If a gentleman keeps a horse, why should not his son learn to harness him, and, if necessary, groom him? "But," says the fond mother, "his clothes will smell of the barn." Better so than have his soul tainted with vice. But let him have shoes and dress, fitted for his work, which may be exchanged for others when his work is done. I have seen a young *gentleman*, already in college, attempt to harness a horse when no old gentleman was at hand to aid him; and he buckled both the hold-back straps around the thighs of the chaise, instead of putting them into their proper place. Thus the lives of the parties, taking the airing, were perilled.

Many fathers, in country villages, build costly houses with no barn or out house. They keep neither horse, nor cow, nor hen. They have active and sprightly boys who, like the lilies, "toil not," but grow both in years and in vice. They exercise daily with the multitude; and, they soon become more shrewd than their sires. How much better would it be for the whole country, if every young man were required to perform some useful service every day. No boy ought to be too good or too knowing to work. Labor promotes the moral health of his soul. The Jews were wise in requiring every young man to be master of some trade. It would be well for us if every boy were required to learn some handicraft which would, if necessary, afford a livelihood. E.D.S.

A BIG HORSE.

We saw a curiosity yesterday in the shape of a horse, passing through here on its way to Louisville, Ky., in charge of the American Express Co. He was a fine, powerful specimen of the Norman draught-horse, upwards of seventeen hands high—broad-backed, deep-chested, and strong-limbed—and looked as if he was capable of doing the work of four ordinary horses with ease. He is valued at three thousand dollars, and comes of a breed unequaled for strength and power of endurance. He was imported by a gentleman in Louisville, expressly with a view to the crossing of his Norman blood with that of the faster but less powerful breed of racers now so common in the southwest, by which means he hopes to combine the two qualities of strength and

speed in an eminent degree. The express agent here informs us that the order for the purchase was sent out to France by express, the European agents attending to the buying and shipping for New-York, where he was taken charge of by the American Express Co., who will convey him to Louisville. An instance like this affords a striking example of the facilities furnished by the Express companies for the transaction of business at a distance. Here is a valuable horse purchased in Normandy, and transported a distance of not far from five thousand miles, by ship, steamboat and railroad, and delivered to his owner in Kentucky, without the least risk or trouble to the latter, the whole responsibility being assumed by the company. The expense of transportation alone, by any other mode, would exceed the original cost, while at the same time the owner would run great risk of losing him through the inattention or mismanagement of those to whose care he was committed. We can only wonder how we used to get along a few years ago, before express were established.—*Schenectady Star.*

If the person who has imported the above horse will breed him to the large common mares of the country, he will produce a valuable race of draught horses. But if he crosses him on to racing blood, as suggested above, he will have as miserable and worthless a progeny as can be well conceived. Such a cross is too *violent*; and instead of combining the two qualities of strength and speed in their offspring, he will only get what is most worthless in both parents. If the writer of the above paragraph were not utterly ignorant of the principles of breeding, he would not suggest such an absurdity. The sixty-fourth part of Norman blood in the veins of a racer would ruin his speed and endurance, and rather detract than add to his strength. When one knows nothing of a subject he should be more careful in writing about it.

PANAMA RAILROAD.—The correspondent of the New-York Times, who attended the opening of the Panama Railroad, gives the following description of the obstacles its builders had to contend against:

"This fifty miles of railway crosses more than one hundred and thirty bridges from six feet in length to six hundred, and wherever there is possibility of a swellable stream, there is a culvert; and all those bridges are, or are to be, of iron. It was cut through swamps, full of the tangled roots of water lilies, wild plantains, bamboos, covered with four inch thorns, six inches in diameter, and thirty, forty, fifty feet in height; through cedar trees, each trunk of which makes a canoe to hold from two to thirty people, through all sorts of palm, cocoanuts, milk, oil-nut, thatching palm, cabbage palm, palma real, the kingly. Through twisted mangrove clusters; through groves of poisonous manzanilla, to sleep beneath which is death; the smoke of its burning wood destroying the eye-sight. Through more than five thousand varieties of noticeable plants, the patient engineer cut his way, knowing as he knows to-day, that if the track were left unwatched one year, it would be utterly covered up and hidden by vegetation twenty, thirty feet in height."

"Timothy, what are you doing there with your feet dangling in the water?"

"Trying to catch cold, ma, so that I can have some of those cough lozenges, you gave me yesterday."

Scrap-Book.

"A little humor now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

JACK RINK AND THE YANKEE.

Few communities are more strongly imbued with a passion for horse racing than the good people of Natchez. In New-York, folks talk "soger" and "engine;" in Paris, they talk opera; in Natchez, they talk horse. They believe in quadrupeds and nothing else. To own the fastest horse in Natchez, is to enjoy the fee simple of an honor in comparison with which a member of Congress sinks into nothingness.

In October last, the "fall meeting" took place, and led to more than the usual quantity of excitement and brandy cock-tails. The last race of the last day was a sort of a "free fight," open to every horse that had never won a race; purse, \$500, Entrance, \$25.

Among those who proposed to go in was a Yankee peddler, with a sorrel colt of rather promising proportions. He thus addressed one of the Judges:

"I say, captain, I should like to go in for that puss."

"What with?"

"That sorrel colt."

"Is he speedy?"

"I calculate he is, or I would not wish to risk a load of tin ware on the result."

"Do you know the terms?"

"Like a book—puss \$500, and entrance fee \$25—and there's the dimes."

Here Yankee drew out a last century wallet, and brought up two X's and a V. Among those who witnessed the operation was Jack Rink of the Belvue House. Jack saw his customer, and immediately measured him for an entertainment. After the usual fuss and palaver, the horses were brought out, saddled, and prepared for a single heat of two miles. There were eight competitors beside the Yankee. The latter was a smart sorrel colt, with a fine eye, and a lift of the leg that indicated speed and bottom.

"Bring up the horses," said the Judge.

The horses were brought up—the Yankee gathered up his reins and adjusted his stirrups. While doing this, Mr. Rink went to the rear of the sorrel colt and placed a chestnut burr under his tail. The next moment the order to "go" was given, and away went nine horses of all possible ages and conditions. The Yankee's was ahead and kept there. "Tin Ware" was evidently pleased with the way things were working, and smiled a smile that seemed to say, "that puss will be mine, in less time than it would take a greased nigger to slide down a soaped liberty pole." Poor fellow! he hadn't reckoned on that chestnut burr. The "irritant" that Jack Rink had administered not only increased the animal's velocity, but his ugliness. He not only run like a deer, but he refused to do anything else. As the Yankee approached the Judge's stand, he undertook to pull up, but it was no go. He might as well have tried to stop a thunderbolt with a yard of fog. The Yankee reached the stand—the Yankee passed the stand—the Yankee went down the road. When last seen, the Yankee was passing through the "adjoining county" at a speed that made the people look at him as "that comet," that was to make its appearance in "the fall of 1854." Where the sorrel colt "gin out" is impossible to say. All we know is, that the Yankee has never been heard of from that day to this, while his "wagon load of tin ware" still makes one of the leading attractions in the museum of Natchez.

TOM MOORE.

Those persons who are wont to look on Tom Moore as a sort of *improvisatore*, whose melodies came forth somehow spontaneously like the carols of a spring bird, will do well to read the following, and then consider whether they have reason to despair of anything:

Alluding to Tom Moore, Mr. Irving said that he took extraordinary pains with all he wrote. He used to compose his poetry walking up and down a gravel-walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanzas polished to his mind, he would go to a summer-house near by and write it down. He used to think ten lines a good day's work, and would keep the little poem by him for weeks, waiting for a single word. On one occasion he was riding with Moore in a cab, in Paris, and the driver carelessly drove into a hole in the pavement, which gave the vehicle a tremendous jolt. Moore was tossed aloft, and on regaining his seat, exclaimed, "By Jove! I've got it." "Got what?" said his companion in alarm. "My word," was the reply. "I have been trying for it these six weeks, and now that rascal has jolted it out of me."

On reaching his room, Moore inserted the word, and immediately dispatched the finished song to the publishers in London.

"Moore," added Mr. Irving, was a most captivating companion, and the sweetest ballad singer I ever heard. No one could forget him that heard him sing."

AN HONORABLE HITCHING-POST.—"Hallo, you fellow with the pail and frock," hollowed an aristocratic British officer, as he brought his fiery steed to a stand in front of Governor Chittenden's dwelling—"can you inform me whether his Honor the Governor of Vermont lives here?

"He does," replied the man, still wending his way to the pig-sty.

"Is his Honor at home?" continued the man of spurs.

"Most certainly," replied the man of the frock.

"Here, take my horse by the bit, then," said the officer; I have some business to transact with your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way up to the door and gave the pannel several hearty taps with his whip—for be it known, that in those days of republican simplicity, knockers, like servants, were hardly in use.

The good dame of the house answered the summons in person; and having seated the officer and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, departed to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but on ascertaining that the officer had made a *hitching-post* of her husband, she immediately returned and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not well wait upon his Honor and his horse at the same time.

The predicament of the officer can better be imagined than described.

THE INTENSITY OF LOVE COMPUTED BY MATHEMATICS.—Mademoiselle de Launay, a French authoress of the eighteenth century, whose writings were distinguished by their piquant delicacy and correctness of judgment, thus writes concerning one who had formed an early attachment for her:—Monsieur de Rey always showed me great attachment. I discovered by slight indications, some diminution in his passion. I often went to Mademoiselle d'Epinar, at whose house he almost always was. As she lived very near my convent, I generally

returned on foot, and he never failed to offer me his arm to conduct me home. We had to pass through a large square, and at the beginning of our acquaintance he took the road by the side of the square. Then I saw that he crossed it in the middle, whence I concluded that his love had, at least, diminished by the difference between the diagonal and the two sides of the square.

A CHASED MAN.—A fastidious M. C. tells the following as a "bon mot," picked up at a late dinner party in Washington. It appears that Mr. H. was at a table in the vicinity of Sam Houston, and also a distinguished authoress. During the conversation, Mr. H. asked the General if they had any Know-Nothings down in Texas. "No, sir, replied the General, "not at present; we never had but one, and soon got rid of him." "How did you do that?" asked our member. "Why, sir," said the General, "we chased him out of town, and then chased him out of the country, and finally he was chased into a high tree, and lodged himself there." "What became of him then, sir?" asked the lady. "Why, madam," said the General, who prides himself upon what he calls wit, and likes to make a point, "he drew the tree up, roots and all, and took it off with him!" Rather a loud smile was the consequence, as the General thought to his credit and the lady's expense, till the lady quietly observed:—"Well, General, I am happy to know you have had one *chased* man in your State!" The General was floored, and with the greatest gravity, and a most deferential bow replied, "Madam, I am indebted to you—one!"

A YOUNG HERO.

A sergeant-major, now in Washington barracks, who has recently returned from the Crimea, has sent us the following enthusiastic account of the conduct of a young soldier, only ten years old, named Thomas Keep, of the third battalion Grenadier Guards, under the command of Colonel Thomas Wood. The writer states that this boy accompanied the army to the heights of the Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanor throughout the battle. At one time a twenty-four-pounder passed on each side of him, and shot and shell fell about him like hail, but notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers, or the horrid sight, the poor boy's heart beat with tenderness towards the poor wounded. Instead of going into a tent to take care of himself after the battle was over, he refused to take rest, but was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades in the battle field.

This boy was seen carefully stepping over one dead body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire, in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the poor sufferers, and saved the life of Sergeant Russel, and some of the soldiers who were nearly exhausted for want. Thus did this youth spend the night. At the battle of Balaklava, he again assisted the wounded. The boy did his duty, by day and worked in the trenches by night. He received one shot, which went through his coat and out at the leg of his trowsers, but Providence again preserved him un-hurt. He helped with all the bravery of a man to get in the wounded, and rested not until the poor sufferers were made as comfortable as he could make them. He waited on the Doctor while extracting the shot from the men, and waited on the men before and after. "Thus did this youth," says the writer, "do any thing to any one who needed help. Some of the wounded say that they should not have been alive now, had it not been for this unwearied watchfulness in their hours of helplessness. This boy has

been recommended by Colonel Robinson, and Colonel Wood, and others in her Majesty's service."—*London News*, Feb. 26.

MAN AND IMMORTALITY.

Man is a *seed*, and birth is *planting*. He is in life for cultivation, not exhibition; he is here chiefly to be *acted on*, not to be characteristically an agent. For though man is also an actor, he is yet more a recipient. Though he produces effects, he receives a thousand fold more than he produces. And he is to be estimated by his capacity of receiving, not of doing. *He has his least value in what he can do; it all lies in what he is capable of having done to him.* The eye, the ear, the tongue, the nerve of touch, are all simple receivers. The understanding, the affections, the moral sentiments, all, are, primarily and characteristically, recipients of influence, and only secondarily agents. Now how different is the value of one, dead in its silent waiting places, from the wrought blade, the all but living engine, and the carved and curious utensil!

Of how little value is a ship standing helpless on the stocks—but half built, and yet building—to one who has no knowledge of the ocean, or of what that helpless hulk will become the moment she slides into her element, and rises and falls upon the flood with joyous greeting!

The value of an acorn is not what it is, but what it shall be when nature has brooded it, and brought it up, and a hundred years have sung through its branches and left their strength there!

He, then, that judges man by what he can do, judges him in the seed. We must see him through some lenses—we must prefigure his *immortality*. While, then, his *industrial* value in life must depend on what he can do, we have here the beginning of a *moral* value which bears no relation to his power, but to his future destiny.—*Henry W. Beecher.*

COLD WATER AND PROSPERITY.—We had the pleasure of hearing James Buchanan deliver an address before the Howard Society, on which occasion he related the following circumstances:

Several years ago, a gentleman dined with him who had risen by his own industry and integrity alone, from humble life to a proud position in society. On being invited to take a glass of wine, the following conversation ensued:

"Do you allow persons at your table to drink what they please?" asked the guest.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Buchanan.

"Then I'll take a glass of water."

"Ah indeed! And how long have you drank cold water?"

"Ever since I was eleven years old."

"Is it possible! And pray, what induced you to adopt the principle of total abstinence?"

"Seeing a person intoxicated."

"Well," continued Mr. Buchanan, "if you have had the firmness of purpose to continue up to this time without taking intoxicating drinks, I do not wonder that you have reached your present position."

Mr. Buchanan afterwards learned that the person he saw intoxicated was his father.—*Southern Organ.*

INTERESTING TO FATHERS.—The editor of the Buffalo Republic has made himself immortal by the publication of an infallible means of keeping babies perfectly quiet, the modus operandi of which is as follows: As soon as the child wakes and begins to squall, prop it up with pillows and smear its fingers with thick molasses, sticking feathers into the hands and thus afford the youngste-

the employment of picking the feathers from one hand and the other, which will keep him still till he drops asleep again.

THE VERDANT GROOMSMAN.—On no occasion, (says the Springfield Republican) do people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following actually occurred in a neighboring town:

In the midst of a crowd of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed that interesting ceremony which binds in the silver bonds of wedlock two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hands to implore the blessings of heaven on the union. At this point, the groomsman seeing the open hands reached out, supposing it was the signal for him to surrender the wedding fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly, just as the clergyman closed his eyes in prayer, he felt the pressure of two sweaty half-dollars on his palms.

The good man hesitated a moment, appalled at the ludicrousness of his situation, but coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotions.

THE MASTIFF.

The Mastiff is familiar and widely celebrated as the popular watch-dog. He was known in England in the earliest times, and attracted the attention of her Roman conquerors, who selected the most powerful, and sent them to the "Eternal City;" they enacted prominent and bloody parts in the Amphitheater, in tearing down wild beasts, and human victims sacrificed for the amusement of the population. The mastiff is deeply attached to his master, but implacable to strangers. His hearing must be very fine, for he instantly distinguishes between the tread of the inmates of the household which he guards and intruders, and will announce by his sharp bark the arrival of the burglar or thief, the instant they touch the premises, however cautious they may be. The mastiff, when treated with kindness, becomes affectionate and intelligent, without losing any of its qualities as a valuable guardian of property.

THE TERRIER.

Is a small, delicate dog, some of them being of exquisite symmetry. They are famous for their courage, and also for their intelligence. Almost equal to the spaniel in attachment, they are great pets with young people, and join in the sports of the juveniles with a glee that is quite inspiring. Terriers seem to have been designed especially to kill rats, for they are indefatigable in their pursuit, and will do an incredible amount of hard labor to unearth the vermin. Their courage is wonderful; they attack the fox and the otter in their holes, and generally come off victors. On one occasion we were engaged in a bear hunt, and among the pack of stout hounds was a little terrier, that ran off from the plantation, and, apparently out of pure mischief, kept up with the running dogs. Bruin was finally brought to bay, and when the hunters came up they found him on his hind-legs, the hounds forming a circle at a respectful distance from him, while the ridiculous little terrier was inside of the ring, snarling and growling, and occasionally rendering the bear perfectly insane with fury, by attempting to seize his legs.

The dexterity of the terrier in destroying rats is illustrated by exhibitions, where a dog is matched to kill a certain number of rats in a given time: A ring is prepared, the vermin are brought in bags, and, to the amount of a hundred, put into it. The dog is then set over the railing. The rats—most ferocious animals when cornered—finding escape impossible, will turn *en masse* on the dog, and seize hold of him, and hang on, un-

til the terrier's head and shoulders are absolutely concealed from view. Meanwhile the courageous little creature, with immense rapidity and certainty, selects his victims, and, giving them a single bite in the loins, continues his work until all the rats are dead, finishing the hundred in seven or eight minutes.

The Scotch terrier is similar in habits to the one already noticed, but very different in personal appearance. His hair is long and wiry, concealing his eyes and symmetry of form. The principal beauty of some of these coarse-haired terriers consists in their ugliness. They are all faithful, and can appeal to every one for sympathy, on the poetical principle, that "handsome is who handsome does."

WINE-GROWING COUNTRIES.

Unhappily, there is an agent far more direct and active in the degradation of France, than either taxation or extravagance. No one who has made a tour of curiosity around the "octroi" walls of Paris, can have failed to make the discovery. Here, for at least three days in the week, he will find from 20,000 to 30,000 of the most dissolute of both sexes occupied in drinking and debauchery of the worst kind, in temporary liquor shops.

There are upwards of 350,000 licensed retailers of wines and spirits in France, being an increase of 100,000 in twenty years. Were Beelzebub permitted to select an agent for the demoralization of humanity, he could not find one better adapted to his purposes than that which is sanctioned by the government of France.

M. Villermé, speaking of the cabarets of the quarter Etaques at Lille, says: I saw in them crowds agitated like the inhabitants of an ant hill. All drank the detestable corn-brandy or beer. I can affirm that I have never seen at once so much pollution, misery and vice, and nowhere under an aspect more hideous and revolting. In Paris it is estimated there are 17,000 habitual drunkards of the most brutal character.

The Mayor of Paimpol says: I affirm that the greater part of the paupers of this town owe their misery to the excess of drinks, particularly brandy. Such evidences should destroy the common delusion, that because light wines are cheap in France, intoxication is rare. Brandies of the most deleterious nature are equally cheap, and more generally used. In the department of the north, there is a dramshop for every sixty-four inhabitants.

The above is from "Parisian Sights," published by the Harpers, pages 206-8.

It appears from this, that while there is a vast amount of intoxication in France, much of it is upon other liquors than wines; but is it not probable that the use of the wines induces appetites and habits which pave the way for the excessive use of stronger and more deleterious beverages? W. P. B.

New-York Observer.

IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt the father! What meannesses, what invasions on self-respect, what cares, what double dealing! How, in due season, it will carve the frank open face into wrinkles; how like a knife, 'twill stab the honest heart. And then its transformations! How it has been known to change a goodly face into a mask of brass; how, with the "damned custom of debt, has the true man become a callous trickster! A freedom from debt, and what nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water; what toothsome in a dry crust; what ambrosial nourishment in a

hard egg! Be sure of it, he who dines out of debt, tho' his meal be biscuit and an onion, dines in "The Apollo." And then for raiment; what warmth in a threadbare coat, if the tailor's receipt be in your pocket, what Tyrian purple in the faded waistcoat, the vest not owed for; how glossy the well-worn hat if it cover not the aching head of a debtor! Next the home-sweets, the outdoor recreation of the free man. The street-door falls not a knell on *his* heart; the foot on the staircase, though he lives on the third pair, sends no spasm through *his* anatomy; at the rap of his door he can crow forth "come in," and his pulse still beat healthfully, his heart sink not in his bowels. See him abroad. How confidently, yet how pleasantly he takes the street; how he returns look for look with any passenger; how he saunters; how, meeting an acquaintance, he stands and gossips! But, then, this man knows no debt; debt, that casts a drug into the richest wine; that makes the food of the gods unwholesome, indigestible; that sprinkles the banquets of a Lucullus with ashes, and drops soot in the soup of an emperor; debt, that like the moth, makes valueless furs and velvets, inclosing the wearer in a festering prison, (the shirt of Nessus was shirt not paid for;) debt, that writes upon frescoed walls the hand writing of the attorney; that puts a voice of terror in the knocker; that makes the heart quake at the hunted fire-side; debt, the invisible demon that walks abroad with a man, now quickening his steps, now making him look on all sides like a hunted beast, and now bringing to his face the ashy hue of death, as the unconscious passenger looks glancingly upon him! Poverty is a bitter draught, yet may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Though the drinker make wry faces, there may after all be a wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however covertly it be offered, is the cup of a Syren, and the wine, spicy and delicious though it be, as poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouth water at last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the "only wear;" and acknowledge a white-washed garret the fittest housing-place for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace; and the sheriff be confounded.—*Douglas Jerrold, in "Heads of the People."*

THE BOSTON CORN EXCHANGE.

The opening of the new Corn Exchange, a few weeks since, was duly announced by the press, and the favorable auguries of the enterprise duly given. We are pleased to learn that the new association has more than realized the expectations of its founders, by the facility it affords for trade in the mere item of concentration of business and in the matter of regulation of prices by a uniform standard.

The flour and corn business had become a most important feature in Boston commerce, about one million barrels of flour being sold here per year, and about three million bushels of grain, with large quantities of seeds. All this business was in the hands of some two hundred receivers or jobbers, scattered through the whole extent of the city, to find whom dealers were put to a considerable inconvenience. The receivers themselves had no place for consultation, to compare samples and average prices, and the necessity for a place of meeting

became very evident. The mere broaching of the thing to the trade was at once hailed with favor, and the Boston Corn Exchange was the result, the benefit of which has been most happily illustrated.

The rooms of the Exchange are located in the now granite block at the corner of Commercial-street and City wharf. They are exceedingly pleasant, and so central as to admit of the readiest access. These rooms are open one hour daily—from ten till eleven—and here are brought such samples of flour or grain as the receivers may have to sell, which wholesale buyers can examine at their leisure. A vote of the exchange, in order to facilitate the operations between buyers and sellers, has decided that flour shall not be sold at the rooms in quantities less than fifty barrels, nor grain in quantities less than five hundred bushels, except in such cases where the balance of a lot shall be offered.

The rooms are provided with long black walnut tables, running their entire length, with sufficient space on either side for the movements of those doing business. Each table is provided with drawers, to one of which every member of the association is entitled, in which he keeps his samples in small boxes, each box marked with particular brand and the particular quality. These boxes are spread upon the tables, and it is a matter of interest to note the various descriptions and their differences, more marked when seen together. It is a busy scene in the Corn Exchange during the allotted hour. The dealers know that the clock is looking at them, that its inexorable fingers will bid them stop at the limited moment, and all the energy and tact of trade are exerted to clinch their bargains before they are shut off.

It will be seen how great the advantage of such a place must be to those engaged in the flour and grain trade and to their customers, and aside from its business importance, the benefits of which, in this as in all other departments of life, can not be too highly esteemed. The advantage of the Corn Exchange is a fixed fact and its complete success undoubted.—*Boston Post.*

Markets.

REMARKS.—Flour has fallen from 31 to 50 cents per bbl.; Corn 3 to 4 cents per bushel.

Cotton has advanced 1/2 of a cent per lb., Sugar the same.

The Weather the past week has been cold with some rain. Planting is going on rapidly.

NEW-YORK CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY May 2, 1855.

The chief feature in the market to-day is a short supply of cattle, and enormously high prices. Last week there was 1750; while to-day there are only 1371, being a falling off of 379. Seeing the few animals offered, the brokers thought this morning to rule the market; but the cattle were held so high that butchers preferred not to buy at all, rather than pay such enormous prices. Consequently the market was dull in spite of the limited supply, and later in the day, the butchers saw fit to ease off a little. A few of the cattle sold to-day as high as 13c., though this was the top of the market. Very few, we think, sold less than 10c. This great advance is chiefly owing to the short supply, and is, doubtless, merely temporary.

Below we give some of the lots offered:

Franklin Ford was on hand with 100 fine cattle, from Paris, Ky., which sold by Wm. Belden from 11. to 12c. The cost of bringing was nearly \$20 per head. He also had another lot of 105 inferior cattle, sold by David Belden from 11c. to 13c. The difference between good and poor cattle, when there is a scarcity, is much less than one would suppose. This gentleman said he lost last week \$1,800 on two droves.

Geo. Ayrault sold 95 good cattle from Seneca Falls, N.

Y., owned by Van Duser & Mumford. They would average about 600 lbs., and sold for about 12c.

Chas. Teed sold a fair lot of 117 Indiana cattle, owned by Howard & Creamer for about 12c.

Mr. M. Romback had 6 very choice 5-year-old full-blood Durhams, from Clinton Co., Ohio, which would weigh 2,200 lbs. each at home. One pair was as fat and fine built as need be. Such cattle bring no more than many others in the yards, nor pay for feeding; however, there is some pleasure in bringing them to market as well as looking at them. They were held at \$1,100.

Ulery & McConnell, had 67 fine Ohio cattle, which brought from 11c. to 12c. and a few 13c.

Barney Bartam, had the best drove in the yards, from Pratt Co., Illinois. There was 84 in all, fed by Calf & Jacoby, and owned by Cochran & Claypole. These cattle cost \$125 per head, in Illinois, and brought here from \$120 to \$160, or from 12c. to 13c.

The following are about the highest and lowest prices:
Extra quality at 12@13c.
Good retailing quality beef is selling at 11@12c.
Inferior do. 10@11c.
Cows and Calves \$30@75.
Veals 4c.@7c.
Sheep, poor \$4@4 50.
do good \$5 50@6.
do extra \$7@9.
Swine, alive,5c.@.5c.
" dead, 7@8c

Washington Yards, Forty-fourth-street.

A. M. ALLERTON, Proprietor.

RECEIVED DURING THE WEEK.	IN MARKET TO-DAY.
Beeves,	1478
Cows,	14
Veals,	1051
Sheep and lambs,	77
Swine,	1192

Of these there came by the Erie Railroad—beeeses, 550
Swine 1492

Sheep —
Veals —
By the Harlem Railroad—Beeves, 8
Cows 14
Veals 1051
Sheep and Lambs 77

By the Hudson River Railroad 300
Sheep and Lambs —
Swine —
By the Hudson River Boats—Beeves 425
Sheep —
Swine —

New-York State furnished—beeeses 238
Ohio, " 537
Indiana, " 117
Illinois, " 363
Virginia, " 48
Kentucky, " —
Connecticut, " —
Pennsylvania, " 53

The report of sales for the week, at Browning's, are as follows:

Sheep and Lambs 843

Beeves 220

Veals 36

Cows and Calves 20

The following sales were made at Chamberlain's:

230 Beef Cattle 9@12c.

76 Cows and Calves \$30@\$60

2,754 Sheep \$4@\$10.

Sheep are very scarce, and command almost any price.

There are none in the market to-day at all. Good lambs sell from \$4 to \$6.

The following are the sales of Jas. McCarty:

64 Sheep \$272 00

50 Sheep 150 00

32 Sheep 120 00

25 Sheep 75 00

126 Sheep \$283 50

154 Sheep 827 75

41 Sheep 209 29

7 do 25 00

42 do 88 50

541 Average \$2,051 00

PRODUCE MARKET.

TUESDAY, May 1, 1855.

The prices given in our reports from week to week, are the average wholesale prices obtained by producers, and not those at which produce is sold from the market. The variations in prices refer chiefly to the quality of the articles.

The market still continues dull, as usually happens at the first of May. Poor potatoes are more plentiful and a little lower. Nova Scotias are very abundant. There are 50,000 bushels afloat in the docks.

Apples remain nearly the same in price, but are rather

scarce. Wholesale quantities, including all kinds except Russets, were sold for \$4 per bushel. Russets bring about \$3 50.

Butter is lower. New butter begins to come in. Eggs are quite low.

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes—New-Jersey Mercers.....	\$4 50 @ 4 75
Western Mercers.....	do 4 25 @ 4 50
White Mercers.....	do 3 75 @ 4 25
Nova Scotia Mercers.....	\$1 bush. 1 35 @ 1 40
New-Jersey Carters.....	\$1 bbl. 4 50 @ 4 75
Washington County Carters.....	do 4 @ 4 25
Junes.....	do 3 50 @ 3 75
Western Reds.....	do 3 @ 3 25
Yellow Pink Eyes.....	do 3 @ 3 25
Long Reds.....	do 2 75 @ 3 12
Virginia Sweet Potatoes.....	do 4 50 @ 5 —
Philadelphia sweet.....	do 5 50 @ 6 —
Turnips—Ruta Baga.....	do 1 75 @ 2 —
White.....	do 1 50 @ 1 75
Onions—White.....	do — @ —
Red.....	do 4 @ 4 50
Yellow.....	do 5 @ 5 50
Cabbages.....	\$1 100 12 @ —
Beets.....	\$1 bbl. 1 75 @ 2 —
Carrots.....	do — @ 1 87
Parsnips.....	do 1 87 @ —
Apples.....	\$1 bbl. \$3 50 @ 4 —
Butter—Orange County.....	\$1 lb. 25 @ 26c.
Western.....	do — @ —
Cheese.....	do 12 @ 13c.
Eggs.....	\$1 doz. 15 @ — c.

PRICES CURRENT.

Product, Groceries, Provisions, &c., &c.

Ashes—	
Pot, 1st sort, 1855.....	\$100 lb. — @ 5 75
Pearl, 1st sort, 1855.....	6 12 @ —
Beeswax—	
American Yellow.....	— 26 @ — 27
Bristles—	
American, Gray and White.....	— 45 @ — 50
Coal—	
Liverpool Orrel.....	\$1 chaldron — @ 7 —
Scotch.....	— @ —
Sidney.....	5 75 @ 6 —
Pictou.....	5 25 @ —
Athracite.....	\$1 2,000 lb. 6 50 @ —
Cotton—	
Upland. Florida. Mobile. N. O. & Texas.	
Ordinary.....	8 1/2 8 1/2 8 1/2 8 1/2
Middling.....	9 1/2 9 1/2 9 1/2 9 1/2
Middle Fair.....	10 1/2 10 1/2 11 1/2 11 1/2
Fair.....	10 1/2 10 1/2 11 1/2 12
Cotton Bagging—	
Gunny Cloth	\$1 yard. — 12 @ —
Coffee—	
Java.....	\$1 lb. 13 @ 14 —
Mocha.....	— 14 @ 15 —
Brazil.....	— 10 @ 11 1/2
Maracaibo.....	— 11 @ 12 —
St. Domingo.....	(cash) — 9 @ 9 1/2
Flax—	
Jersey.....	\$1 lb. — 8 @ — 9
Flour and Meal—	
State, common brands.....	9 68 @ 9 75
State, straight brands.....	9 81 @ —
State, favorite brands.....	10 @ —
Western, mixed do.....	10 12 @ —
Michigan and Indiana, straight do.....	10 50 @ 10 62
Michigan, fancy brands.....	10 75 @ —
Ohio, common to good brands.....	— @ 10 50
Ohio, fancy brands.....	— @ 10 75
Cho, Indiana, and Michigan, extra do.....	— @ 11 37
Genesee, fancy brands.....	10 50 @ —
Genesee, extra brands.....	11 50 @ 13 —
Canada.....	10 75 @ —
Brandywine.....	10 62 @ —
Georgetown.....	10 62 @ 11 —
Petersburg City.....	10 62 @ —
Richmond Country.....	— @ 10 27
Alexandria.....	— @ 10 37
Baltimore, Howard-Street.....	— @ 10 37
Rye Flour.....	6 75 @ —
Corn Meal, Jersey.....	5 18 @ —
Corn Meal, Brandywine.....	5 37 @ —
Corn Meal, Brandywine.....	\$1 punch. — @ 21 50
Grain—	
Wheat, White Genesee.....	\$1 bush. 2 80 @ 2 75
Wheat, do, Canada, (in bond,.....	— @ 2 50
Wheat, Southern, White.....	2 50 @ 2 70
Wheat, Ohio, White.....	2 50 @ —
Wheat, Michigan, White.....	2 62 @ 2 75
Rye, Northern.....	1 43 @ —
Corn, Round Yellow.....	— @ 1 10
Corn, Round White.....	— @ 1 10
Corn, Southern White.....	— @ 1 11
Corn, Southern Yellow.....	— @ 1 13
Corn, Southern Mixed.....	— @ —
Corn, Western Mixed.....	— @ 1 11
Corn, Western Yellow.....	— @ —
Barley.....	1 28 @ —
Oats, River and Canal.....	— 32 @ —
Oats, New-Jersey.....	— 78 @ — 81
Oats, Western.....	— 86 @ —
Peas, Black-Eyed.....	\$1 bush. 2 25 @ —
Hay—	
North River, in bales.....	1 12 @ —
Lime—	
Rockland, Common.....	\$1 bbl. — @ 1 —

Lumber—

Timber, White Pine.....	\$1 cubic ft. — 18 @ — 22
Timber, Oak.....	— 25 @ — 30
Timber, Grand Island, W. O.....	— 35 @ — 38
Timber, Geo. Yel. Pine.....	(by cargo) — 18 @ — 22

Molasses—

New-Orleans.....	\$1 gall. — 26 @ — 32
Porto Rico.....	— 27 @ — 32
Cuba Muscovado.....	— 22 @ — 26
Trinidad Cuba.....	— 23 @ — 26
Cardenas, &c.....	— @ — 24

Oil Cake—

Thin Oblong, City.....	\$1 tun. 30 — @ 42 —
Thick, Round, Country.....	— @ —

Provisions—

Beef, Mess, Country.....	\$1 bbl. 9 50 @ 12 —
Beef, Mess, City.....	— 10 @ —
Beef, Mess, extra.....	— 16 25 @ 16 50
Beef, Prime, Country.....	— @ —
Beef, Prime, City.....	— @ —
Beef, Prime Mess.....	\$1 tce. 21 — @ 24 —
Pork, Prime.....	— 15 12 @ —
Pork, Clear.....	— 19 @ —
Pork, Prime Mess.....	— 15 @ —
Lard, Ohio, prime, in barrels.....	\$1 lb. — 10 @ —
Hams, Pickled.....	— @ — 9 —
Shoulders, Pickled.....	— @ — 7 1/2
Beef Hams, in Pickle.....	\$1 bbl. — @ 21 —
Beef Smoked.....	\$1 lb. — @ —
Butter, Orange County.....	— 30 @ — 31
Cheese, fair to prime.....	— 10 @ — 12

Rice—

Ordinary to fair.....	\$1 100 lb. 5 — @ 5 37
Good to prime.....	5 87 1/2 @ 6 25

Advertisements.

TERMS—(invariably cash before insertion):

Ten cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements standing one month one-fourth less.

Advertisements standing three months one-third less.

Ten words make a line.

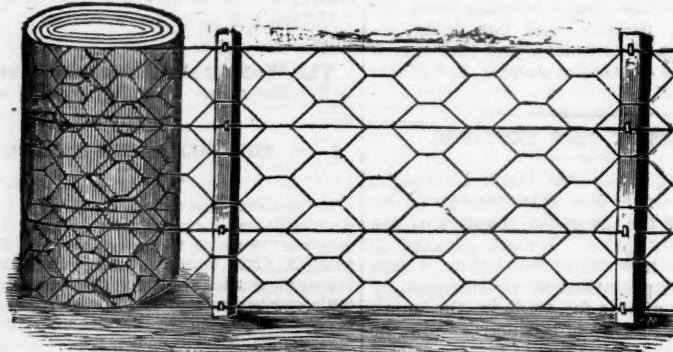
No advertisement counted at less than ten lines.

WILLARD FELT, STATIONER, has removed to No. 14 Maiden-lane, New York. 86-113m

WILLARD FELT, NO. 14 Maiden-lane, Manufacturer of Blank Books, and Importer and Dealer in PAPER and STATIONERY of every description. Particular attention paid to orders. 78-130

IMPORTED MONARCH, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, will stand the present season at L. G. MORRIS'S Herdsdale Farm, 1½ miles from Scarsdale depot, and 24 miles from New-York by Harlem Railroad. Terms, \$20 for mares not thoroughbred, and \$50 for thoroughbred. Pasture \$3 per month. Accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. All business connected with the horse to be addressed to Monarch, Green, Scarsdale, N. Y., Westchester County, N. Y. A portrait taken from life, with performance on the turf, full pedigree, &c., will be forwarded by mail, by L. G. MORRIS, Fordham, Westchester Co., N. Y., April 24, 1855. 86-tfn113

DOMESTIC ANIMALS AT PRIVATE SALE—L. G. MORRIS'S Illustrated Catalogue, with prices attached, of Short Horned and Devon Bulls and Bull Calves, a few Horses, Southdown Rams, Berkshire, Suffolk and Essex Swine, will be forwarded by mail (if desired) by addressing L. G. MORRIS, Fordham, Westchester Co., N. Y., or N. J. FARAR, Broadway, New-York. It also contains a history, pedigree, and performance on the turf of the celebrated horse "Monarch," standing this season at the Herdsdale Farm. April 24, 1855. 86-tfn114



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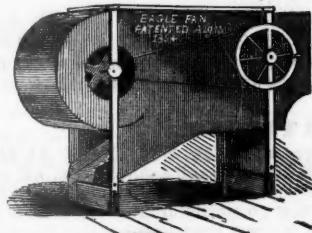
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81-92n1165

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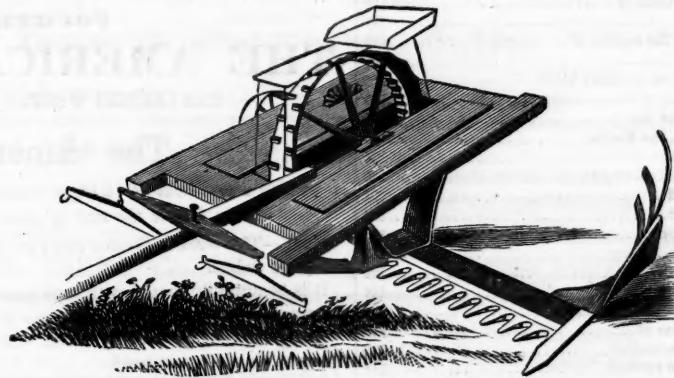
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